

## Along the Train Tracks

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## Along the Train Tracks

by [Ackeshi](#)

### Summary

“What's your name?” The blond asks, tracing shapes onto the counter top, not looking up.

“It's George.” A long silence follows. “And you?”

“Dream.” George scoffs at the absurd name and sneaks a glance at Dream, taking in his facial features. He doesn't look bad, George will give him that.

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in other words, dream runs away from home and george finds him by the train tracks near his neighborhood. he lets dream stay with him when his mother is gone at business meetings. george tells himself he doesn't care about the blond and he's only helping him because its the right thing to do but he knows he's lying to himself.

ALSO: i have so much to talk about it my author's notes like SO MUCH it's worth your while you dont even have to read the story

### Notes

hello and welcome back to another episode of "unrealistic and unreasonable scenarios" im your host, ackeshi, and i advise you to buckle up, its gonna be a wild ride

so a few things before we start: THANK YOU FOR CLICKING ON THIS <3

just wanted to say that I don't know where this is going, HOWEVER i have 5 chapters done already so im somewhat organized unlike my other fic. i dont think this will be as long as my other fic, however i didnt plan on that one being as long as it was. the original plan for that one was 35k and it ended at 50k so who knows where this shit will go.

and i think thats it?? idk i always forget stuff and end up talking about random things each chapter. if you want to watch me rant, stick around for the notes at the end of each chapter :D

# Chapter 1

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George has come to learn that America isn't that different from England.

It was just as populated as his home town, just as many, if not more, rude people to run into along the street, and way too many fast food restaurants. The only real difference was the hotter weather, but at least there was air conditioning to combat it. However they do drive on the other side of the road for some unholy reason. Besides that, it was just like England. At least it made the move a lot easier.

George and his mother moved to Florida a little over a year ago, at the start of his junior year in high school. The hardest thing was finding new people to hang out with. The brunet was never a social person, but he does keep in contact with a few close friends from his old school. Fortunately, he was able to befriend with three kids relatively quickly. Quackity, Karl, and Sapnap. They are quite the characters, each significantly different from one another yet they somehow share the same limited number of brain cells.

Opposites attract he supposes.

His mom was offered a raise from her company if she were to move to America. Like anyone, she was hesitant at first but when the company offered to pay for a significant amount of the travel expenses, she was sold on the idea. Of course the move was mainly for her, but she insisted that the new country would offer better schooling opportunities for George. He quickly came to find out that wasn't true but he couldn't care less. He never mentioned how the schools were just as bad as they were back in England. He knows his mom just wants the best for him and he appreciates what she does for him.

George shuts his locker and looks to his friends, tuning into their conversation just in time for Karl to finish a terrible "your mom" joke while Quackity hypes him up.

"That's the same one from yesterday," Sapnap says while shoving his book bag over his shoulder. "At least I'm creative with my insults." They make their way out of the front of the school, momentarily blinded by the bright sun. George is ready to get home and sleep.

"Well at least I didn't walk into the same joke twice in less than a day," Karl insists. Sapnap brushes off the comment with a glare as he fishes the keys of his car out of his pocket.

"Who am I taking home today?" He asks, not looking back as he walks out to the center of the busy parking lot.

"Finally, it's my turn," Quackity says with an exaggerated sigh before jogging slightly to catch up with the other noirette.

"See you guys tomorrow!" Sapnap yells over his shoulder.

"Can't wait," George says sarcastically, trying not to be too loud. Sapnap heard his little remark and blows a kiss in his direction.

Sapnap being the only one who can legally drive graciously offered to take home *one* friend each day. All four of them lived in opposite corners around the school, making an almost perfect square

if you were to look on a map. Each day, someone else gets a ride while the other two walk home. Sappnap said he would take all of them home if they lived closer, but they don't. Essentially he's too lazy to make the 25 minute round trip to all of their houses. Not that George blames him, though.

George and Karl walk out of the parking lot, stopping at the sidewalk before they part ways. As per usual, they remind each other of the homework due tomorrow and agree to share answers once they get home. With a simple wave, they part ways and head home. It's not a long walk, but it does get annoying in the muggy weather. His house just a past the train tracks and then a couple blocks down.

The train tracks.

There were four of them sat on some gravel alongside the main road, separated by a chain link fence. They were used for freight more than human transportation, meaning the big loud box cars came rolling down the tracks pretty often. It wouldn't bother him so much if he couldn't hear them at 3am in the morning when he was trying to get some much needed sleep. He didn't live directly next to the tracks, but close enough that they could wake him up if he isn't sleeping too deeply.

Regardless, he had to pass them everyday on his way home from school. Every now and then George would have to walk past the fence and try not to stare at the random crackhead tripping along the tracks and throwing a punch at whatever unseen enemy was in their way. Usually he wouldn't let his eyes linger but today was different.

There's a person was slumped over in between the tracks, unmoving.

He allows himself to stop for a moment and stare at the lump. He's quite far away, but from the sidewalk he could see a few cuts and bruises littering the person's arms. He continues to study the figure, fully aware that the drivers in the street probably think he's creepy.

He's pretty sure you're supposed to call the police when you find a random body, but he really doesn't want to deal with that. The figure looks, quite frankly, dead. It was a terribly unsettling thought but just as George started to walk away the figure moves. They shakily sit up, obviously struggling, and slide off a small backpack that the brit hadn't seen before. Once the bag was off, they plop back down with an audible noise of pain, gravel crunching as their back makes contact with the small pointy rocks.

In the little time the figure had sat up George could make out the features of a blond boy who couldn't be much older than himself. His hair was messy, sticking out in multiple different ways from under the hood of his dark jacket.

George is sure that he should turn and leave now. His mother wasn't home. She's away in New York for a trip, meaning if something were to happen he wouldn't have anyone near him. He knows he shouldn't go up to him, classic case of stranger danger, but something about the mysterious person being just a teenager made him sympathize.

And the guy's hurt. He looks like he can barely move, what's the worst that could happen? *A lot could happen*, George, his brain supplies him. He looks behind him at the street before walking to the opening where someone had peeled the chain fence from the post for some reason George probably doesn't want to know. *I'm going to go over there*, he tells himself, *check on him, and then leave*.

Who knows where the sudden burst of heroic energy came from but he starts to regret his decision as he gets closer. He checks the tracks, looking both ways more times than necessary before crossing. Soon enough he's standing besides the boy who, now looking closer, is definitely around

the same age as himself.

Hearing the gravel crunch under George's shoes, the blond opens his eyes halfway, clearly in pain as he lets his eyes rest on the pair of legs standing next to him. There's a long, awkward pause before the unfamiliar boy shuts his eyes again. George scratches the back of his neck anxiously. *Why the fuck did I think this was a good idea?*

"I was just walking from over there," George says, gesturing to the sidewalk even though the other isn't looking at him. "I'm just- I was... are you alright?" That's a dumb question.

The blond takes a shaky breath, wincing before opening his mouth. "Yes." His eyes are still closed. "Doing just fine if you couldn't tell." He looks like he's going to smile but ends up grasping at the side of his stomach.

George bites back a snarky remark as he looks the boy over, taking in the small scrapes. "Can you stand?"

"Probably," he mumbles, finally opening his eyes again but looking away from George. "It'll hurt like hell though." He sucks in a breath of air through his nose and pulls himself into a sitting position once again, his hood falling off the top of his head to reveal matted, bloody hair at the back of his head.

"That doesn't look good." George points to his head. The boy touches the dark, dried liquid and sighs. He was being surprisingly calm for looking half dead. "Do you want me to call someone to get you?" The brunet didn't want to just leave him, but at the same time he doesn't want to deal with problems that aren't his. He rather quickly resolve whatever this issue was than get dragged further into it.

"No," the blond answers bluntly and then stares up at George expectantly. After a confused look from George, the other throws out his right hand toward the brit, closing and opening it in a grabbing motion. Finally understanding, the shorter offers his hand and pulls him up, slightly embarrassed that he didn't get the message right away. For someone so tall, he didn't weigh much.

They stand for a moment, both unsure of what to do. Nothing could have ever prepared George for this situation. The taller seemed to try and stretch out his limbs but upon realizing it caused too much pain gave up with a huff. Figuring it would be difficult for the other, George bends down to pick up the backpack before hesitantly offering it to the boy. The latter grabs it but makes no moves to put it back on.

After no one says anything George turns around to head back to where he came from, assuming the other would follow. He doesn't look behind him but he's sure he can hear the other's footsteps. Once he's back at the chain link fence, he slips through and holds back the loose part so the blond could fit easier. He still hasn't put his bag back on.

"You're cut up bad," George states. "Do you want me to call my friend? He can drive you to the hospital." Sapnap insists on not taking more than one person home from school, but he knows that if someone really need help the raven-haired boy would drive over in a heart beat.

"That would just cause more issues." George honestly couldn't care less, but he still didn't want to be a complete dick. He was just wanted to get rid of him. George looks toward the street and watches the cars zoom by, not wanting to stare. The taller unzips his bag and takes out his phone. "I ran away from home," he says, prompting the other to look back at him. "I'm sure the hospital would send me back to my parents after they cleaned me up."

“So you've got no where to go?” The blond boy nods his head dumbly and shoves his phone back into his pocket, probably upon seeing it was dead. “You really should have thought of that before leaving.” George shoots a glance at the path back home before meeting the other's eye. “My mother would be livid if I took a random person home.” He was met with an understanding hum. “But she's not home right now.” Light yellow eyes seem to gain a glint of hope. *What the fuck am I doing?* “I wouldn't normally do this but you seem to be my age and look half dead, I don't think you're too threatening.” *George don't do this. There is probably a red flag somewhere and you're just too much of an idiot to see it.*

“You don't have to,” he says, his slightly pleading tone betraying his words.

George stays silent for a moment. He can take it back now, before he commits. “You can stay for a night.” Too late. *What if he's pretending? He could be some sort of serial killer.* It's a slightly unreasonable thought but he doesn't exempt it. “Hand me your bag,” the brunet says, taking it from the other. “My house isn't too far.” George's voice is cool in his attempt to show little emotion when in reality he was somewhere between feeling sorry for the boy and being scared shitless. And wanting nothing to do with him yet being too nice to turn him down. He should have just walked away the second he saw him. “I'm only doing this because I'm a decent human being and don't want to be rude.”

“Thank you,” he replies honestly.

George doesn't respond, instead he leads the way back home. His mom would have him by the head if she found out about this, but she shouldn't be home for a few more days. This would be the first “bad” thing George has done. He tries not to get into trouble which isn't too hard when you're obsessed with video games and sleeping.

The blond trails behind him, obviously in pain. At least it creates space between them so they don't have to talk. They walk back to George's house, the other staying a good distance away from him the entire time, even when they stop at crosswalks. The brunet holds the unfamiliar bag to his chest since he already has his own backpack over his shoulders.

They continue in silence, their shoes occasionally scuffing the concrete. Once they enter George's neighborhood, he senses the old lady who always waters her flowers staring; more at the blond than himself. They reach his front porch and shuffle through the door, George dropping both their bags once they get inside.

“Well,” the brit says, glancing around the living room and stealing a look at the other. His clothes and skin were painted in a layer of dust and he smelled like dirt and oil, not the loveliest of scents. “You should probably shower and then we can take a look at your wounds.”

“You sure that's alright?” It was clear he was grateful for how kind George had been but didn't want to cause too much trouble.

“I don't really care.” Lies. He's starting to regret it now. “Follow me.” The boy leans ocarefully and grabs a fresh change of clothes from his bag before following George up the stairs, trying his best not to get left behind. George leads him to the bathroom next to his room and flicks the lights on but stays outside. He steps away, allowing the other to enter and keep the comfortable distance between them. “There's clean towels under the sink.” The taller nods, blond hair falling over his eyes as he does. “I assume you're hungry?”

“You really don't have to feed me, it's okay,” he says dismissively.

George ignores the statement. He was clearly hungry and the last thing he needed was a dead body

in his living room by morning. "I'm making one of those shitty frozen pizzas, is pepperoni alright?"

"Yes, I'm not picky."

"Alright, I'll be downstairs. We can wash your dirty clothes once you're done too," he mentions as he leans into the bathroom to grab the handle of the door to shut it. Not too long after, George hears the water start running. He makes quick work of throwing the pizza into the oven and setting a timer.

It wasn't his normal time to be eating dinner but he can't imagine just awkwardly sitting with a stranger. In his house. *Oh God*. He really just brought a person off the fucking street into his house. His mom's house. He leans over the kitchen island, elbows propped up on the counter with his hands hiding his face. *Why?*

Of course the reality of what he had just done hits after he's done it. Why can't he just mind his own damn business? What part of him felt charitable today? He doesn't even share his lunch with Sappnap but he can take someone in for the night? He's really in for it now.

He takes a deep breath and stands back up to his full height. It's just one night. He can do it.

## Chapter End Notes

thank you so much for reading!!!! i really appreciate it! I read all the comments and try to respond to all of them. i will probably put the next chapter up pretty soon. the rest of the notes is just me ranting so feel free to skip. remember you are amazing, ily <3

okay rant time FUCK YOU ENGLISH TEACHER mans gave me a 60 percent on my essay because "death isnt a theme" FUCK YOU A THEME IS WHATEVER I WANT IT TO BE. ALL THREE POEMS HAD DEATH IN IT AND YOU ASKED ME TO IDENTIFY WHAT THEY ALL HAD IN COMMON SO STFU

also, im so fucking close to deleting twitter at this point everyones getting canceled. i feel like the people who read/write fics are some of the most normal people in the mcyt community. like 99 percent of us are decent human beings and have the intelligence level greater than a rock. ppl are like "if you ship dream and george its weird" like bro they ship themselves more than i do im just here for the ride at this point. plus if i saw them irl i wouldnt be like "YO KISS GEORGE", theres a difference

anyways BYE HAHHAHA

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Notes

this will probably be the only time another chapter comes out within three days. i rather spend about a week on a 2.5k-5k chapter than update everyday with shorter chapters. it just seems kinda choppy to me if i did 1k chapters.

quality of quantity, yeah :D?

The blond stands at the bottom of the staircase about twenty feet away from George who's still in the kitchen, rethinking every decision he's made in the past hour of his life. George didn't see him right away. It wasn't until he stopped staring at the oven timer that he noticed the other, nearly having a heart attack in the process.

He just looks for a few seconds, finally allowing himself to properly eye the other. He now wore a white tee-shirt and dark sweats, his skin a lighter shade without the dust but still tanned. His blond hair appears more brown from the shower.

"You can come sit at the counter," George offers upon realizing he still hasn't said anything. The other hums, but instead goes to his bag. He pulls out a charger and walks over to the kitchen, coming a little closer to George than he would prefer before plugging his phone in. He then retreats back to the other side of the kitchen island and pulls out a bar stool to sit on.

George is only slightly annoyed that the other didn't ask before plugging his phone in but whatever, he would have said yes anyway.

"What's your name?" The blond asks, tracing shapes onto the counter top, not looking up.

"It's George." A long silence follows. And you?"

"Dream." George scoffs at the absurd name at first but then quickly goes silent, realizing that Quackity and Sapnap gave themselves weird nicknames as well. He crosses to the other side of the kitchen to grab some napkins and plates. He sneaks a glance at Dream, taking in his facial features. He doesn't look bad, George will give him that. His freckles complimented his light colored eyes and he has an admirable jawline.

Dream suddenly looks up to find George staring. The brunet shifts his gaze away as quickly as he can, deciding the pizza can be done thirty seconds early. Once their meal is safely out of the oven, he moves it to a cutting board and slices it. George sets it in front of Dream, along with the plates and napkins.

"Take as much as you want, I'm not too hungry." It wasn't a lie, George genuinely didn't have room for more than two pieces. The brunet pulls out another bar stool and sits, taking care to leave an empty seat between them.

"Thanks." Dream takes his share after George and immediately bites into it. "Tastes good."

"It's not like I made it," George says in between bites. It seems that some of his worries have dissipated since Dream didn't pull a knife on him the second they got to his house. George admits



he is still anxious, though. He eyes the blond as he already starts on his second slice. "You seem like you haven't eaten in a while."

"Actually," Dream starts but pauses to chew. "It's only been like, one day." It sounded like he almost laughed and George thinks he catches the start of a smile before it disappears. They continue to eat in silence. It wasn't necessarily awkward, but neither of them knew what to say.

How in the world is George going to face his mother after this? Sure, maybe she wouldn't know right away, but the boy had always been a terrible liar. It's not like his mom will directly ask him if he brought a stranger home, but George is sure he will find a way to slip up. He's never been in trouble like that before.

Dream's phone suddenly buzzes multiple times on the other side of the kitchen, most likely receiving all of the notifications at once after being shut off.

He pushes his plate away from him, no longer hungry. "Have they been looking for you?" George doesn't want to push, but to say he's curious would be an understatement.

"My parents? No." Dream reaches for his next slice. "My mom called me once when I first left. I didn't pick up and neither her or my dad called after." His tone is flat. He obviously had some unspoken opinions about his parents. "My sister has been texting me though. She probably got worried after my phone died."

Dream didn't seem to be bothered to answer the first question so George presses further. "When did you leave?"

"Early this morning. Hopped on one of the cargo trains. Turns out there aren't open box cars like in the movies." He puts down the half eaten slice of pizza and rubs his hands on one of the napkins. "I had to sit on the outside where the cars connect. It was terrifying."

George paints the picture in his head. It would be way too easy to just fall off the little ledge outside each box car. "Why did you leave?" Yeah, George knows he's pushing now.

Dream seems to tense lightly at the question, clearly thinking of a response. "I don't know." It was a blatant lie. "I just didn't like it I guess." George just nods his head. He wants to know but he also had the respect of a semi-decent human being so he drops it.

The familiar quiet atmosphere engulfed them again, neither of them saying anything. *Where's he gonna go tomorrow?* George had told him just one night. If Dream had somewhere to go he wouldn't have taken him up on his offer. *Whatever*, George thinks, *it's not my issue*. As long as he keeps him alive until the morning he shouldn't have any problems. The taller does seem to look a lot better after his shower though. As long as he has food, water, and shelter he should be okay, right? Oh.

"Would you like some water?" George practically blurts out after realizing Dream is probably very dehydrated.

"That would be appreciated," Dream says almost relieved. The brunet wants to tell him he could have just asked but lets it go. George walks to the garage to grab a couple bottles of water from the extra fridge. Once he gets back to the kitchen he finds Dream swiveled around in his seat, staring at the floor.

George gets a little closer and realizes Ollie has made an appearance. The other seems transfixed by the white and gray cat that sits a couple feet away.

“You have a cat?” Dream asks as if he couldn't see it for himself.

“Is that an issue?” The brit walks to Dream and hands him a water bottle. He takes it gratefully. It's the closest he's gotten to him since he helped him stand up.

“No, I love cats,” Dream responds, seemingly unaffected by George's little retort. He opens the new bottle, downs nearly half of it, and says a soft “thank you”.

“His name is Oliver but we usually call him Ollie,” George says, opening his own bottle. “He's a little shy but still friendly.” Dream takes the indirect invitation and steps down from the chair and slowly crouches to the ground, carefully reaching his hand out to the animal.

Ollie sniffs before rubbing his face on the boy's hand. Dream lightly scratches the cat, still trying his best not to scare him off. Eventually he moves to running his hand down Ollie's back, making the cat look much smaller than he was. Dream has huge hands. George forces himself to look away, eyes landing on his shirt. A small bit of dark liquid stained the back. He suddenly remember all of the scratches that littered the blond's arms that they both seemed to forget about.

“Your wounds.” Dream looks up from the gray animal and meets George's eye. “Now that you've eaten you should take some pain killers and then was can look at those cuts.” In reality, the brunet has no idea what to do when it comes to first aid but he knows it would probably be bad to leave the large ones open.

Giving one last scratch to Ollie, Dream rises to his full height and follow George into the kitchen. The latter rummages through he medicine cabinet until he finds the Advil. Dream swallows the pill easily along with some water and soon enough they are making their way back upstairs to the bathroom.

“Just a fair disclaimer,” George says as he reaches under the sink and pulls out a clear box with various items in it. “I don't know what the hell I'm doing.” The shorter turns to look at Dream just in time to see a full smile on his face. It's dumb. His smile is infectious and George finds himself returning the expression without his own permission.

“That's alright, only two of them need attention.” Dream extends his arm out and flips it so his palm faces down, showing of the two gashes that made it a bit further than the first few layers of skin. Once again, George finds himself much closer to the other than he would prefer.

He pulls out two band-aids and holds them up to Dream with a questioning look. The blond nods and George starts to peel the covering off. He holds it over the first scratch, making sure it would fit before placing it down and smoothing it over. He repeats the action for the second one, unsure of why his hands were so damn shaky. Dream probably could have done them himself but oh well.

“Thanks,” the taller said. George isn't sure how many times he's been thanked today.

“What about your back? There's a little bit of blood leaking through your shirt.” Dream shuffles around so he can see his back in the mirror, discovering that George wasn't lying.

“Oh.” Dream stares at it a little longer. “It was stinging pretty bad after my shower but I didn't know it was still bleeding.” Without hesitation, he lifts the white shirt over his head and rests it on the counter. George made a point to look away until the shirt was completely off, eyes widening slightly as he finally sees the gash.

“That only stings a little?” George asks, disbelieving. A rather long cut run from the bottom is his shoulder blade and down his back, stopping just before it met the start of his sweatpants. Dream

once again moves around until he can see it for himself, barely blinking at the sight. "How are you being so calm right now?"

"Well I remember getting it when I jumped off the train. It hurt like a bitch so I figured it would be bad." He moves his arm around, the open flesh moving grossly. It was clean from the shower but George still finds himself wanting to look away. It's probably the reason Dream didn't put on the backpack when George first handed it to him. "I bet it will hurt worse in the morning," Dream shrugs.

Looking back to the plastic tub, he rummages around and finds some sort of cream. Upon reading the label, it should help "small gashes or cuts", it says. The cut was definitely bigger than described but it's not like they had anything else.

"This might hurt but it should help," he says as he uncaps the tube and puts some of the thick cream on his fingers. "Hopefully." George gently spreads the cream on the upper half of the gash. He could feel Dream tense uncomfortably but the taller didn't say anything. Luckily it wasn't too deep but, seeing a doctor, although not an option, would have been a good idea. George finishes his ministrations, trying not to think about the heat radiating off the other's body.

He pulls away, looking at the cut that was now lathered with the cream. He would cover it with something but it was too big of an area and bandages would probably rub against it painfully. George was about to tell him he was done before remembering that Dream had some blood in his hair when he first saw him. He looks up to the back of his head, seeing small area where blond hair was in an irregular pattern.

He wipes his hands and subconsciously reaches out with both of them to gently grab the back of the boy's head. He uses his thumbs to spread the hair, revealing a little wound. He shifts his weight to the front of his feet and leans in a little closer so he can see better. George is suddenly aware that he didn't ask before practically running his hands through the other's hair but Dream doesn't seem to mind. He's stayed silent and hasn't moved, patiently waiting for George's next move.

The brunet's first instinct is to apologize but that would probably make it more awkward. He's aware of Dream's golden eyes watching him from the side through the mirror. George pretends to look at the cut a little longer, his brain supplying him with the fact that Dream must have used his shampoo since his hair smells like his. Once he's sure that he can say something without stuttering, he lets go with both hands turns to the box on the counter.

"It's not too bad," George says referring to his the cut at the back of his head.

"You're sure?" The brunet is slightly taken back. He's unsure as to why the blond suddenly cares about his injuries when he didn't bat an eye upon seeing the long wound that across his back that will definitely scar. "I had a good amount of dried blood in my hair when I washed it out."

"I mean I think so? I don't really know what I can do since it's in your hair." It's not like he could slap a band-aid over it and call it a day. The cream would probably mess up his hair too.

"Check again for me." *What.* He looks back to the other who is still facing away from him, both arms hang in the pockets of his sweats calmly. "Please." George glances at the mirror and is met with Dream's eyes. They held eye contact through the glass for much longer than necessary. George ended up looking away first, knowing the blond still had his gaze trained on him. "I'm just worried. My head is arguably more important than my arm."

George huffs as he stands on his toes once more, carefully using both hands to move his hair again. He stares at the wound but thinks nothing about it. He feels Dream's turn slightly, now full faced

forward. George glances to the mirror for a split second to find that the blond's eyes have finally left him. After a few more seconds of moving his hair around as if he was trying to get a better look, the shorter pulls away.

"Thanks," Dream says, voice lower than before. *What the fuck was that.*

"Yeah, no problem." George puts the various items back into the first aid bin with shaky hands. Dream has turned around now, watching him put everything away like whatever the hell just happened wasn't weird. "I don't really know if the cream on your back is supposed to dry or not." George is still leaning down under the sink, taking much more time than needed to put a box away. "It will probably mess up your shirt."

"I don't mind." Dream takes his shirt off the counter and slips it back on, voice normal again. "Is it possible for me to wash my clothes from earlier?"

"Oh!" George had almost forgotten about that too. Why did he commit to all this? "Yeah, are they downstairs?" The blond nods, telling the other that they are in his bag. Once again, they are on the move. "I can do it, just sit down on the couch or something. Don't get that disinfectant cream everywhere though."

George throws the clothes in the washing machine and makes a mental note to not forget about them. He comes back to find Dream scrolling through his phone on the couch. *What now?* They aren't friends, it's not like they have a whole lot to talk about. Does he just go up to his room and leave him?

Deciding he should try and get along with him since he'd be around until morning, George plops down on a leather chair adjacent to the couch. Dream shuts his phone off and drops it in his lap, giving the brunet his attention. George wasn't necessarily prepared to say anything right then and there so he quickly tries to create conversation.

"So, where do you plan on going tomorrow?" George decides that turning the T.V. on to create background noise wouldn't be a bad idea.

"No clue." Dream carefully leans back against the cushions of the couch. "I'll stick around here though. I'm pretty far away from my parents."

"Oh, makes sense." George still wants to know why the other left but knows better than to ask. He doesn't think of himself as a nosy person but he isn't sure why anyone would want to leave free food and shelter. "You said you jumped off the train? Why didn't you just wait until it stopped?"

"Well I thought about waiting until it stopped but I didn't want to have to get off at a random cargo station with workers around. I got on when it was still pretty dark out so no one saw me then." Dream raises his arm and gestures to the street outside the house. "Plus I saw the chain link fence. Up until then it was just brick walls that I know I can't climb. Luckily the train wasn't going *too* fast." *This guy is fucking crazy.*

"Were you there for a while? Before I went up to you?" Dream had looked like he had been there for a while when he first found him. His face had been tinted red from the sun and he had a few beads of sweat on his head.

"Yeah, I'm honestly surprised no one called the cops," he says with a small chuckle. "I don't know exactly how long I was there for, though." They both stare idly at the reality show that plays on the large screen. "Thank you," Dream says, tone a bit softer. "I know I keep saying that but this means a lot to me, even if it's just for a day." The blond's voice wavers as he continues. "I really have no

idea what I'm gonna do.”

The sympathy George felt when he first saw him comes crashing back as he watches the boy throw his head back and run a hand through his hair, clearly stressed.

George didn't really know how to respond to that. “You've made it this far.” Dream lowers his head to look at the other from across the room. “Things will work out. Don't think about it too much right now, just try and relax while you can.” He nods, looking somewhat defeated. “I can give you my number in case you really need it, but I doubt I would be able to help a lot.”

After they exchange numbers, George saunters up to his room and leave Dream on the couch. This would have been the part where the brunet scrolls through his phone for a few hours however Karl requests the answers from one of the three other people in their group chat. He sends him a quick picture of the completed worksheet that he filled out during class before throwing himself onto his bed.

His phone buzzes a couple more times from its place on his desk but George opts to ignore it. It's only six at night by this point but he's socially exhausted. What was supposed to be a quick encounter turned into a full ordeal that he would have preferred never happened. Sure, he feels bad for Dream, but that doesn't mean he wants to deal with it. He probably shouldn't have offered his number but he doubts the other will reach out to him.

He sees Dream two more times that night.

Once when George remembers that his clothes need to be moved to the dryer. While he's down there, Dream tells him that he will probably leave early morning before George is awake.

The second time is about an hour later when he takes the boy's clothes from the dryer and sets them by his backpack. By then, Dream had fallen asleep on the couch, television playing softly in the background. George, still feeling slightly worried for the other, grabs a couple water bottles and random snacks that wouldn't go bad and sets them alongside the clothes.

He thought about leaving a note but decided against it. He doesn't have anything to say to him.

The thought of a stranger in his house was slightly unsettling and made it difficult to fall asleep, but eventually the drowsiness got to him. When George wakes up in the morning, all traces of Dream are gone. Ollie sits by the front door, looking out the thin windows surrounding the entrance and simply waits the same way he does when George leaves for school each morning.

## Chapter 3

### Chapter Notes

hellooooo!! i hope you're all doing well <3 shorter chapter, abt 2.2k BUT next one is 4k :D

ALSO!! look at notes after chapter for important detail

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“You kicked him out after a day?”

“Well what was I supposed to do?” George groans, grabbing his textbooks from his locker. “I can't just let him stay forever. Plus my mom would be furious... speaking of do *not* mention anything to her about this.”

“Yeah yeah, but dude she isn't even going to be home until Friday night,” Sapnap points out. “You could've let him stay at least a little longer.”

When George had left for school in the morning, he specifically told himself not to mention anything about Dream. Of course, like most things, his friends caught on to his weird behavior and pried the truth out of him.

“It was so awkward though.” George shuts his locker and begins the journey to the other side of the building. “You expect me to stay with a complete stranger for another two days?”

“You're the one who let him inside in the first place,” Quackity says from behind him. Karl adds a noise of agreement. George chooses to ignore the remark and continues to walk down the crowded hallway.

“You guys shouldn't even care that much, you don't know him. But whatever,” the brit says upon reaching his first period classroom. He turns to look at his friends. “I gave him food and water, he'll be fine. Now shoo,” George makes a dismissive motion with his hand, “off to your classes.”

The three boys looked like they wanted to pester him more but eventually gave up. They walked away, Sapnap mumbling something about how George made it sound like Dream was a fucking stray dog. The brunet sighs and enters his Spanish class. Normally he would wish that he had them in more of his classes but this was the rare exception.

If they were, they would most likely spend the entire class questioning him. Which is understandable, if the roles were reverse George would do the same. However, they aren't, so George had the right to be annoyed.

The rest of the school week drags on normally. At some point his friends stop their interrogation once they finally get it through their dense heads that George has nothing more to say. Their conversations go back to the normal video game and “who do you think is the hottest girl in the grade” talk.

The only traces that there was ever anyone else at George's house is Ollie's behavior. Each day when George gets home after school, the cat greets him by the door and begs for scratches. After a

few minutes of following the brunet around, he goes back and sits patiently at the door for a little while longer.

George assumed that after the first day, the cat would realize that Dream wasn't coming back, however he didn't. George had been amused at first, but the more he thought about it the sadder the idea became. It's not like Ollie sat there all day, but he did check out the window every so often. George told himself that the cat was just waiting for his mom to get home, but that assumption was proven wrong.

His mother got home late Friday night. Upon hearing a car door shut from the driveway, George made his way downstairs and helped his mom pull her luggage from the trunk. Once inside, Ollie made a show of rubbing against her legs, but soon after returned to his spot by the door. Luckily George's mother didn't seem to notice, most likely too tired from her flight.

The next day, she woke George up just before noon so they could go eat lunch together. How his mom had so much energy after a week long business trip, he'll never know. He had begrudgingly agreed and dragged himself out of bed to get ready. He didn't mind eating out with her but his body protested after his 3 a.m. Minecraft session.

"I hope you didn't throw any parties while I was gone," his mother says, smiling as she takes a bite of her sandwich.

It had become a tradition for them to go to the local sandwich shop after each of his mom's business trips, meaning they were there quite often. A lot of teenagers around his age would probably pay to not have their parents around so often. He's always thought about if he wishes she was home more or not but has never been able to come to a conclusion. When she is home, she makes sure to spend time with him, even if that means dropping by his room at midnight just to see how he was doing. When she's away, it doesn't really bother him. Sometimes the house just gets quiet.

It's just a guess but George thinks that's why they have Ollie. His mom had bought him as kitten and given him to George the day after she announced that she would be gone for the better half of each month. Though Ollie helped to make sure George wasn't completely alone, sometimes it's nice to have an actual person around.

He supposes he could hang out with his friends after school more but they tend to be more chaotic than anything else.

"Don't worry," George chuckles, trying not to sound suspicious. His terrible lying skills are probably his fatal flaw. His mom seems oblivious to his hesitant answer and begins talking about her trip, mentioning the colder New York weather more than once.

At some point between his mom talking about pushy salesmen and asking how his school has been going, George's eyes wander to the familiar head of blond hair at the front of the shop. Just his luck. The boy takes his sandwich from the worker at the front and turns around, scanning for an open table. During his search, he catches George staring and shoots him a smile.

Figures. Dream did say that he would hang around the area and not go too far. George suppresses a groan as he thinks about the situation he's gotten himself into. If anything this is just teaching him that he shouldn't help people if it's going to haunt him after.

Instead of returning the gesture, George snaps his head back to his mother. Okay, two fatal flaws. Terrible lying and awful luck. Once again, his mother doesn't seem to notice the panicked look on George's face.

“School has been good,” he says. It takes every nerve in his body to keep looking at his mother instead of back at Dream. “I had a Spanish test yesterday,” he mentions, trying to create conversation.

His mom hums and develops a questioning look. “How did it go?” George sneaks a glance at the blond who's now seated at the opposite end of the store, taking a bite of his sandwich before answering. When he looks back at his mom, she's staring directly at him. She definitely saw him look that time.

“I think I did good. The teacher hasn't graded them yet.” And now George is sure can feel yellow-tinted eyes boring into the side of his head.

“I'm sure you'll do great. You've always been good at Spanish.” She doesn't know that George google translates ninety percent of his homework but he wasn't about to bring that up right now. They continue to eat and George becomes aware of his tense posture just as his mom brings it up. “Why do you look so stressed?” She asks, amusement and a small hint of concern present in her voice.

“I'm not,” George protests. He grabs his drink and can't help but notice Dream still staring at him. He somehow finds it inside himself to keep his gaze forward. “I think I'm just tired.”

“You and me both,” she mumbles, leaning against the back of the worn down booth. “I think everything is catching up to me now. I have no idea how people sleep on planes.” After a sigh, she scoots out of the booth and tells George she's going to use the restroom before they go.

As she walks away, George entertains his options. He can sit awkwardly and wait until she comes back or go talk to the blond who is very obviously looking at him. It's like a weird encounter with a classmate at the store where no one says anything but they're both aware of one another. Except worse in every way possible. *Whatever, now or never*, he concludes as he gets up. You would think that he would have learned to stay in his own lane by now.

As George crosses the store, Dream's dopey grin grows bigger. George would be lying if he said the sight didn't make him want to smile.

“Georgie!” The blond exclaims a little too loudly for George's liking. He doubts anyone can hear over the busyness of the restaurant, though.

The brunet refrains himself from snapping at Dream for the nickname. “Well,” he starts, unsure of what to say, “what have you been up to?” George sits in the seat across from the other, figuring it would be weird to stay standing.

“Nothing exciting, if you couldn't have guessed.” Dream is working through his side of french fries, using a generous amount of ketchup.

George fidgets with his hands underneath the table. “Where have you been staying?” It's been a few days since Dream had stayed at his house and he doesn't know if he's relieved or bothered that the taller is still alive.

“Well I've been hanging out around the town. This old guy at the gas station lets me stay and charge my phone during the day.” George found the image of Dream sitting on the floor in the corner of a gas station trying to charge his phone a little amusing and had to resist the urge to laugh. “He kicks me out at night though. I've been going back to the train tracks.”

“How do you even sleep there? Isn't it super loud right next to them?”



"It's not like the trains come by twenty-four seven." Dream looks like he's going to laugh before the slight smile fades. "But yeah, it really sucks." He takes a sip from his drink before continuing. "But it's whatever. At least no one ever disturbs me down there."

Damn the pitiful feeling forming in George's chest. Dream's the one who decided to run away, he should have thought about these things before hand. It's his fault.

"But thanks for the water and snacks," Dream says in between bites. "I didn't think about taking some from my parents before I left. I'm starting to run low on money. I didn't bring much to start with," he admits.

George's brain struggles to think of a response but he doesn't need to. His mother exits the bathroom and glances around, most likely unsure as to where he ran off too. "Ah, I gotta go," George says and quickly gets up.

"Oh alright," Dream says, clearly a little disheartened.

"I'm sorry," George mumbles, unsure as to why he felt the need to apologize.

Dream shakes his head. "Don't worry about it," he reassures him. "Bye!" George is painfully aware that he is blond trying this best to sound cheerful.

George doesn't say anything back and quickly walks over to his mother who finally had her eyes on him. The few seconds it takes to walk over to her were not enough time to create a wonderful lie but he can improvise. Well, not really, but he'll try.

"Who was that?" She asks as they walk side by side back to the car having already paid before they got their food.

"Someone from school," George says simply, sliding into the passenger seat. "I recognized them earlier when we were eating."

"The George I know would never go up to someone he knew unless it's a good friend," she says, hinting for him to continue. Unfortunately, she isn't wrong. When he doesn't say anything else, she pushes on. "Did you make a new friend?" Her voice is laced with hopefulness. Even if he did make a new friend, he isn't sure why his mother would find joy in that knowledge. He has three friends, he isn't all alone.

"Something like that," he shrugs. She doesn't say anything else for the entire drive back home.

Unsurprisingly they are greeted with Ollie at the front door, waiting like a dog. Both George and his mother offer him a few scratches and pets. The cat takes a look out the window before following George into the kitchen. He sits next to the cabinet under the sink, staring up at George.

"What?" George says, already opening the cupboard and reaching for the cat food. He pours some into the small glass bowl and sets it on the floor. Ollie immediately digs in. "You can say thank you, you know."

His mom is stood facing the refrigerator, writing something on the calendar that's held up by a magnet. She pulls away and looks at it as if she was examining a piece of art work. George peaks at what she has written from his spot by the sink. They were more travel dates.

"You leave again on Tuesday?" He asks. Usually she has her trips written on the calendar months before the day arrives. Plus she almost always has a week in between flights, never just a few days.

“Short notice, I know,” she sighs. “Why?”

## Chapter End Notes

IMPORTANT DETAIL: (some of you probably understood but just in case!!) one thing that is very important in this series is george's mom's feelings. she feels guilty about all her traveling and wishes george wasn't home alone so often, hence why he has ollie. this is also the reason that she hopes george has made a new friend. this detail will be very important in future chapters, so yeah :D

anyways let me think if i have anything to rant/talk about.. OH i was scrolling through tik tok and someone made a post about how mcyts would pull off a bank heist or something similar to that. anyways i saw it and was like "ayo.. i wrote a bank heist fic i wonder if.." AND YEAH someone mentioned Keep Quiet in a comment LMAO i cant believe I just happened to see it

THATS ALL FOR TODAY, CLASS DISMISSED

## Chapter 4

### Chapter Notes

okay YAY almost 4k chapter and the next one is well over 5k >:)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“You want me to do what?”

“Please Sapnap?” George tugs on the raven-haired boy's arm as they approach the parking lot. “It's my turn to get a ride home anyway. It will take like, twenty minutes!” Sapnap waves a goodbye to Karl and Quackity before looking back at the brit. “It will help me a lot and I know for a fact you do nothing all day, it's not like you have somewhere to be right after this.

“Fine,” Sapnap grumbled, unlocking the old Honda he got for his sixteenth birthday. George thanks him as he walks to the other side of the vehicle. “Why do you care all of the sudden? You seemed pretty eager to get rid of him when we talked about it last week.”

George doesn't know how to answer him.

After he learned that his mom was leaving pretty soon he couldn't help but think of the blond. Sapnap's right. George wants nothing to do with Dream yet he finds himself getting more and more tangled in his problems.

“I'm just worried.” It's not a complete lie. “I ran into him on Saturday while I was eating lunch with my mom.” Sapnap momentarily turns his head to George before looking back at the road. “He said he was running out of money and slept outside all the time.”

“Well what do you expect? He's probably trying to get you to help him again,” Sapnap says. “It's what you get for bringing in a lost puppy.”

“You and everyone else were the ones who couldn't believe I kicked him out after a day,” George counters. Sapnap looks as if he's going to respond before George cuts him off. “Be quiet and drive.” For once, Sapnap listens.

Earlier that day he had sent a very hesitant text to the blond, asking if he would like stay again. Of course, George made sure to say it only because the other had mentioned he was running out of food and looked pretty tired. Not for any other reason. As expected, Dream agreed and said that he was on the other side of town at the gas station he had mentioned. George really didn't want to have to walk all the way there and back, therefore convincing Sapnap to be his personal chauffeur for the day.

George nervously eyes his phone sitting in the cup holder, the little red arrow getting closer and closer to the set destination on the map. After what seemed like way too long, Sapnap pulls into one of the parking spaces near the small shop behind the gas pumps.

“What did you say his name was again?” Sapnap asks.

“Dream,” George says simply. “Wait here.” He slams the car door shut a little too roughly but blames it on his nerves.

He pauses outside the double glass doors and sucks in a breath, aware that Sapnap is probably staring with an amused look on his face. George yanks open the door, an awful squeaking noise and bell ring follows. There's an older man behind the front counter, writing something on a paper. He looks up to greet George before returning his attention downwards.

The brunet wanders to the back of the store near the freezers, looking up and down the aisles. Just as he had pictured, Dream sat near the corner, hugging his backpack and idly scrolling through his phone. George slowly walks over and stands at his feet.

The blond takes his sweet time to look up and meet George's face. His eyes close slightly, most likely from the angle of looking up to the off-white lights on the ceiling. He's wearing the same white shirt and gray pants. Neither of them say anything, both expecting the other to speak first. There are heavy bags under Dream's eyes that were much more visible than they had been on Saturday. He watches as yellow eyes accompanied by a smirk flicker around his face as if they were gathering small details.

Once it becomes apparent that Dream rather likes this silent game, George talks.

"Are you gonna come with me or not?" George shifts his weight onto his right foot, too anxious to stare any longer.

The smirk turns into more of a friendly smile as Dream stands up. "Yeah, give me a second." He fishes some money out of his bag and walks to the front of the store, George at his heels. The blond hands it over to the man behind the counter, says a small 'thank you', and waits for the brunet to lead the way.

The humid air hits George as he pushes open the glass door, not bothering to hold it open for Dream. Not after that fucking staring contest. When George approaches the car, he hears Dream's footsteps falter.

"This is my friend, he's gonna drive us to my house since it's a bit of a longer walk." He tugs open the passenger door, slides into the seat, and shuts the door before he can hear Dream's response. If he even had anything to say. George knows he's going through weird ups and downs of caring and then not giving a shit but he can't bother himself to pick one.

Sapnap looks at George warily. "How polite of you, George," he says, double checking that the rear doors are unlocked.

"I'm quite the gentleman," George says with a mocking look. The door behind George's opens and he can see a black bag being tossed to the opposite seat. After some shuffling, the door closes. George shuffles around to glance at the blond boy. "Dream, this is Sapnap."

"Nice to meet you," Dream says, clearly a little nervous. "You didn't have to come pick me up."

Sapnap laughs as he pulls out of the parking lot and starts to drive back down the road, no need for a directions since he knows how to get to George's house like the back of his hand. "No worries, I don't really mind," he says. "George is acting all tough right now but he practically begged me to come pick you up."

The brunet slaps his shoulder. "I didn't want to walk there and back, that would have taken too long," he huffs, leaning back into his seat and staring out the window.

"You could have sent me the address and I would have walked by myself," Dream offers.

"No," George says sternly. "I'm glad we came to get you, you look pretty tired." Dream thanks the

both of them gratefully.

George watches through the side mirror of the car, just barely able to see half of Dream's face as he runs a hand through his hair and looks down at his phone. And here he goes again. Every time George has the opportunity to get rid of Dream he brings him back. If he's so sick of him why can he just leave him alone? Yes, he feels bad for him, but that doesn't mean he has to help. Everyone feels sympathetic for those dogs and cats in animal shelter ads but no one goes and adopts the entire facility.

The drive went by all too quickly this time. Soon enough they pass the train tracks and pull into George's neighborhood. What the hell is Dream going to do when George has to go to school tomorrow? *Nice job, didn't consider that one.*

Sapnap pulls into the driveway and reminds George to do his calculus homework as the brunet gets out of the car. "I'll send the answers to the group chat." He walks further up the driveway before realizing Dream hasn't gotten out yet. When George looks back, Sapnap is twisted around in his seat, talking to the blond.

George has no idea what they are saying but they both laugh a bit before Dream gets out. It's relieving to see that they get along, not that it matters though. He doubts they will have to meet again.

They both wave to Sapnap as he backs out, and suddenly there's a tense atmosphere. It's not as awkward as the first time, but it's still slightly uncomfortable. George jams the key into the lock and opens the door slowly, knowing a certain someone would be waiting nearby.

George can feel Dream peek over his shoulder. "Ollie!" The taller instantly drops his bag near the door and carefully sits himself on the floor. The light colored cat takes the gesture as an invitation to crawl into his lap. "Hey buddy," Dream says, smiling as he gently runs his hands over the cat. George chuckles a bit and is tempted to think it's cute.

"I think he's been waiting for you," George admits. Dream glances up. "He would sit by the door and look out the window every now and then. I thought he was waiting for my mom at first but he kept doing it after she got home."

"I doubt he was waiting for me. Dad, maybe?" Dream looks back down at Ollie fondly.

"What?"

"I don't know if your dad works a lot or not, maybe he was waiting for him?" Ollie rubs his head and Dream's chest.

"Ah, no," George says softly. "He's not- he's never," George struggles. "I don't have one."

Dream's eyes widen a bit as he looks back up. "Oh, I see. Sorry?"

"No, it's fine," George waves his hand. "He passed before I could remember him so I was never attached." Every now and then he wishes it hadn't been that way, but he doesn't dwell on it. It's a topic neither him or his mom ever mention. When the blond doesn't respond, George concludes that he is definitely over-sharing. "Well," George sighs, "are you hungry?"

"Not really, I ate this morning." Dream gently removes Ollie from his lap and stands up. "I am incredibly tired though."

"Alright, you can use the guest room since you're staying longer." George shows him upstairs to

the plain room across from his own. They always kept spare sheets on it, even though it was rare for someone to come over. "When was the last time you showered?" He doesn't reek of dirt like last time but he still wants to keep everything clean.

"The last time I was here," Dream says, rubbing the back of his neck.

"Do you have enough energy to shower before you lay down? I don't want to have to wash the sheets later today if you get dust all over them." He makes a mental note to clean everything after Dream leaves so his mom get any ideas.

"Yeah, of course."

"You remember where everything is, right?" Dream nods. "Okay, I'll be in my room." George shrugs his backpack off and plops down in his chair. He was reluctant to look at his phone, knowing what messages would be waiting for him. Deciding he would get distracted, he set it face down on his desk and got his homework out. George wasn't the best at time management, often completing homework long after his mother had gone to bed, however he should probably try to be productive today.

The sound of the shower next to his room provides a welcoming background noise while he works through his math. George decides it's nice. Even if he barely knows Dream, it's a comforting presence. Yes, the conversations are a bit tense, but he finds some sort of warmth in the fact that he isn't completely alone. The house doesn't seem as big and empty as it normally does.

Finally finishing his calculus, George picks up his phone to find more messages than preferable from the "sex havers" group chat. If there's anything he's learned, it's to not let Quackity name his own contact or any group chats. You can imagine the looks George gets when people see texts from "daddy quackity" consisting of way too many eggplant and water emojis.

**Sapnap**

guess what i just did

4:27 pm

**Karl <3**

Quackity's mom

4:33 pm

**daddy quackity**

didnt laugh

its almost like you use the same joke every chance you get

4:33 pm

**Sapnap**

that too but i also dropped george and his bf off at his house

4:34 pm

**daddy quackity**

im still alone at my house tho???

4:34 pm

**Sapnap**

no

train track boy he was complaining about last week

4:35 pm

**daddy quackity**

NO WAY

4:35 pm

**Karl <3**

Wait he's back???

4:35 pm

**Sapnap**

yeah

george begged me to pick him up earlier when we left school

true story

4:36 pm

George sighed and snapped a picture of his math homework. He thought the pestering was over but leave it to Sapnap to start it up again. It's not like it made him mad or anything, he just doesn't feel like dealing with the questioning right now.

**George**

[IMG\_01836.JPG]

4:52 pm

**daddy quackity**

wow

nothing to say about that?

thanks for the answers tho

4:53 pm

**George**

no

im sure you guys will bother me about it tmrw anyway

4:55 pm

“George, look.” The brit snapped his head up from his phone in record speed. It's then that he realizes the running water from the shower has long stopped. Dream stands in his doorway in a new pair of sweats George hasn't seen before with a bath towel around his neck and shirtless like they do in movies. Wait people actually do that? George didn't get the memo. Regardless, when the fuck did Dream get here?

“What is it?” After getting George's attention, the blond turns around so that the other can see his back.

“It's starting to heal,” Dream says. George gazes downward to the long scar along his back. It was slightly difficult to see from across the room but it looked significantly better than before. It was just as long as it was before, however slightly thinner this time. The new pink skin was obviously making an effort to close the giant wound.

“Wow, it does look better.” To be completely honest George forgot about the cut. “It most likely wont heal all the way though, you know.”

“Yeah I kind of figured,” he says. “But it doesn't hurt nearly as bad as it used to.”

George slumped back against his chair. “Truthfully, I had no idea if that cream would help or not.” It probably didn't, now that George thinks about it. It is entirely possible that the cut started to heal

like that on its own, it has been about a week. Dream turns back around. "I'm glad it's doing better."

George's eyes continue to look at his torso. Now that he can see his front, Dream looks rather skinny. To be fair, so is George, but at least you can't see the outline of his ribs. The all too familiar feeling of concern returns.

"Dream," George starts. "Have you been eating properly?" He hates that he cares so much.

"No," he laughs nervously. "But it's not like there's anything I can do about it."

"Oh." The brunet allows his eyes to linger a little longer before ripping them away to look at Dream's face. "While you're here, feel free to eat anything in the fridge or pantry." The blond nods. "Except for the potato salad," George adds. "My mom knows I hate potato salad, I would never eat it."

Dream chuckles. "Alright, thank you. I'm going to try and rest now."

It didn't take very long for George to hear soft snoring noises from the room across his. Once again, it was a nice background noise to remind him that he had someone else there with him. When he walks out of his own room, he catches a glimpse of the blond sprawled out on the guest bed, sound asleep. George let himself smile at the sight.

The day moved on quickly after that, Dream remaining sound asleep until late in the night. George was downstairs filling up a glass of water before heading off to bed when the other finally emerged from his bedroom, hair a complete mess.

"Sleep well?" George asks, taking a sip of water.

"The best I've slept in a long time," he says, opening up the fridge. "I think I'm gonna eat something and then head back to sleep."

George nods, refilling the glass. "I'm gonna go to bed now, I have school tomorrow."

"Right, well goodnight Georgie." George rolls his eyes at the nickname, too tired to correct him. At least that's what he tells himself. Dream pulls out a container of left over pasta before looking at the other.

"Night."

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George's loud alarm oh-so-kindly welcomes him from his deep sleep the next morning. Oh what he wouldn't give to be able to sleep all day. George reaches to his nightstand and blindly searches for his phone and turns off the alarm out of muscle memory.

After a few minutes of sitting and attempting to get rid of the sleep from his eyes, he picks up the device and purposefully ignores the messages from his friends across various social media platforms. He doesn't hate them, but responding to twenty memes sent to him on Tik Tok at seven in the morning sounds more like a chore than anything else.

The first thing he notices when he opens his bedroom door is that Dream's room right across the hallway is empty. George assumed that he would have slept in but the blond probably fucked up his sleep scheduled with the long nap yesterday. The next thing he recognizes is the vacant smell of breakfast food coming from downstairs.



George leans over the railing of the stairs and finds Dream looking down at the stove from the kitchen. He slowly walks down the steps, limbs still heavy with sleep, and leans his back against the counter a few feet away from the other.

The action clearly surprises Dream who flinches and stares at George with an apologetic look. "Did I wake you up?"

"No, my alarm did." Dream has scrambled eggs on the stove and a slice of bread in the toaster. Surprisingly, they look good, but is it even possible to fuck up eggs? "You're cooking?"

"Yes, that's okay, right?" George nods. "Do you want some? I don't mind making more."

He normally isn't very hungry in the mornings however the food smells wonderful, even if it's the simplest thing to make. "I don't usually eat breakfast."

Dream sets the wooden spoon down on the counter and opens a couple cabinets. George guesses he's looking for a plate and points to a drawer by the sink. "You asked if I was taking care of myself yet you don't eat in the mornings?" He sets the plate next to the stove and scrapes the eggs out of the pan. "You should eat something, especially since you have school."

The blond removes the slice of bread from the toaster, seeming not to care if it was hot or not and coats it in butter. He extends his arm and shoves the plate to George. "You can eat this and then I'll make more for myself," he says, starting to reach for a new egg with his other hand. "You probably have to get ready soon."

George doesn't complain as he takes the plate and grabs a fork on his way to the kitchen island. It's an oddly relaxing atmosphere and he's grateful for it. He can't recall the last time that he's had breakfast made for him. He doesn't bother to add seasoning, now realizing that he's too hungry to stop eating.

He watches the other's backside as he move the new eggs around in the pan. At some point Dream uses his hand and grabs a small chunk of egg from the pan and holds it out to Ollie who's on counter. When did he get there?

"Ollie," George says in a scolding tone. The cat pays him no attention and continues to eat from Dream's hand. "You know you're not supposed to be on the counter."

"He's not?" Dream glances at George who's now done eating. "He jumped up like it wasn't a big deal." The cat flicks his ears between Dream and George, listening but choosing not to acknowledge them.

George scoffs. "Probably because he knows that you wont get after him." The brunet grabs his plate and sets it in the sink before grabbing Ollie from the counter and setting him on the floor. "You are too smart for your own good," he mumbles and reaches for the cat bowl. "Don't let him guilt trip you into feeding him more," he says to Dream. George pours some food into his bowl and watches him take a few bites. "Little smartass," he says without malice.

Time goes on and each day seems very similar to the last. George wakes up to Dream already fully awake and making food, leaves for school, and then returns home. Though George has become increasingly more comfortable around the other, they still rarely talk. Besides from breakfast and dinner, they stay in their respective rooms. Occasionally they share conversation if they pass by one another but that's it.

The week comes to an end and George has to tell Dream that it's time to go. Not too long ago the

brit would have been relieved to get the blond out of his hair but once he is gone the house seems quiet again. It's not like Dream was every loud, but simply knowing someone else is there was appreciated.

George finds himself missing the small conversations in the mornings and at dinner. It was welcoming to come home and have someone to greet even if the exchange never lasted for more than thirty seconds.

His mom is back from her trip, but she still has to go to work. A couple hours before she came home, he scrambled to get Dream out of the house (he gave him more water and snacks of course) and clean the bed sheets. He ended up putting the sheets back on the mattress while they were still damp and resorted to shutting the door of the guest room, hoping his mom would have no reason to go in there.

One thing his mom did notice though was the apparent lack of food in the fridge. She had asked George if he had a growth spurt or something but he denied it and said that he had started eating breakfast in the mornings. It was a true statement.

The next time his mother went out of town, George informed Dream and the process continued to repeat over the next few weeks. Some times he stayed for just two days, other times five. It always depended on his mother's schedule. Dream just seemed to sleep or look at his phone on the days George was at school. It's not like there's anything else he can really do though.

Soon enough, he found himself looking forward to the days when he would find Dream sitting near the train tracks or just outside of his neighborhood, picking him up on the way home from school.

## Chapter End Notes

i cant wait until everyone who isnt an MCYT fan stops caring about us. its been about a year now since ive been keeping up with this stuff and i really hope that something else will become a new fandom and everyone will slander them instead LMAO

that sounds mean but its ever man for themselves out here

ANYWAYS hydrate, eat, and do that homework. no one likes it but you gotta do it!!!  
<3

## Chapter 5

### Chapter Notes

IM ALIVE DID YOU MISS ME AHAHA

ive been VERY sick the past few days but im pretty much back to normal now :D  
anyways at some point I was like “bro just take me I dont wanna be here anyways”  
and then god was like “no you have a fanfic to update” and I was like “shit your right”  
im not about to be one of the people who writes two chapters and then forgets abt it so  
yeah unfortunately im still here and you all are gonna have to deal with it

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

In his defense, George took every precaution he could to ensure his mother would never find out. He always changed the bed sheets in the spare room, moved the food around in the fridge so at first glance it didn't look too empty, and even took to vacuuming the floors. Did vacuuming help? No, probably not, but he was still wary.

In the end though, it didn't matter.

“George?” His mother says. She had come home from the west-coast only an hour ago.

“Yes?” George paused the weird YouTube video about creepy noises in the ocean that he had been sucked into. He set his phone down next to him on the bed upon seeing his mother's slightly frantic face.

She turns the phone in her hand around so that George can see the screen. There's a black and white picture on the phone with two figures in frame as well as a date and time in the top right corner. His brain short circuits when he recognizes one of the people as himself and the other as Dream.

So this is how she finds out?

George shuts his eyes and groans, not caring if his mother was watching. He's already been caught. He can either come up with a foolproof story in the next two seconds or tell the truth and sugarcoat it as much as possible. Based on his lying skills, the second option was probably the best choice.

He slowly peels his eyes open and studies the picture some more. Sure enough, there's Dream and George standing at the front porch. George has the key jammed in the lock of the door while the blond rubs the back of his neck behind him.

Before George or his mom says anything, she places the phone in his hands and swipes the screen. There's another image. Dream leaving the house with his backpack over his shoulder. He swipes again and then there is another, this time Sapnap's car is visible in the driveway. He keeps looking through them. There's a picture of each time Dream arrives and leaves his house. Each photo is clearly a screenshot from the security cameras, a separate date and time, though out of order, on each one.

How did he forget the security cameras that are in the perfect view of anyone walking by, let alone George who lives in the fucking house? He *knew* about them. He was literally there the day they

were installed. The memory of his mom saying she wanted them since he would be home by himself more often is clear as day. She had the app downloaded so she can see what's happening at any given time. It plays the live feed from the camera, but it saves any movement for up to two months, meaning she could go back and see every time Dream had come over.

George looks back up to his mother who, all things considered, doesn't look as mad as she could be. She takes her phone back and sits on the side of the bed.

"Now George." She crosses her arms over her chest and looks straight forward at the wall. "I want you to tell me who that is. Don't lie to me. If it was someone like Sapnap you would have asked if he could stay over." She sighs, clearly trying to hold her tongue. "You know I would have said yes regardless if I'm home or not. However," she turns to face George, "that doesn't look like anyone I know. And why were they staying over for days at a time?"

George chooses his words carefully. "I know it seems bad, but it's not what it looks like."

"Really?" The brunet can't find it in himself to look at her eyes. Her voice is much less collected now. "What does it look like then?"

"I-" How was he supposed to respond to that? "I don't know?"

"Okay, listen. I'm sorry for yelling." It seems that his mom gave up on the interrogation act and instead grabs his hand gently. *What the hell?* "George, you could have told me." George looks up out of pure confusion. "I know it would take a lot to tell me but you know I love you. I'm not upset about that, I just wish you would have told me." *Am I missing something here?*

"At first I was terrified because I thought you invited some stranger home." *I did.* "But then I recognized him from when we had lunch that one time. I guess I should have understood when you were unsure about calling him a friend." Absolutely nothing she is saying makes sense to George right now. "I kind off guessed that you might end up with a boy and not-"

"What?!" George yanks his hand out of his mom's grasp. "Mom, what I- no!" It's lovely to know his mother wouldn't care but he is most definitely not with Dream. He imagines that the heat spreading to his face isn't helping his argument. "That's not it!"

"It's okay, I'm serious," she says again.

"Oh my God, so am I!" He can't help the way his voice becomes somewhat frenzied. "He's just a stranger, mom."

His mom looks like she can't decided between being mad or confused. "So he is a stranger?"

"Well, no..." Maybe he should have just stuck with the boyfriend excuse. "Okay, I'm going to explain, but promise not to freak out?"

She gives him a very skeptical look. "No, I don't." That's fair.

"I'm going to start from the beginning." He considers lying but figures she would find out the truth sooner or later and then he would just be in deeper trouble. "Remember when you went to New York a couple weeks back?" She nods. "So while you were away I ran into this boy on the way home from school."

"But he is the one from the restaurant, right?"

"Yes, him. I know I said he was from school but that isn't true. His name is Dream. When I first

met him he was..." How the hell is he supposed to explain this normally? "-Lying on the ground next to the train tracks." George feels like he's in the dark. His mom's face is void of any emotions which is slightly terrifying. "At first he looked dead, and I was going to mind my own business but then he sat up. He looked about my age and he was cut up so I felt bad for him."

"Just because you feel bad for him doesn't mean you go up to him," she says, voice laced in disappointment. *Trust me*, George thinks, *that's what I've been telling myself*.

"I know and I knew I shouldn't have, but I went up to him. My logic was that if he was hurt, he couldn't be much of a threat." Explaining the story out loud to someone other than his best friends makes him sound much dumber than he thought. "I helped him up and he said that he ran away from home. I didn't want to take him home but I also didn't want him to be left out on the streets looking half dead." His mom silently encourages him to continue, the look of disappointment still present. "Like, he's tall and everything but he looks like he weighs nothing and I honestly didn't want him to get hurt," he admits. "So I took him in, fed him, and helped him with his wounds and stuff. I kicked him out the next day and that should have been the end of it."

"But it wasn't." George winces as the words leave his mother's mouth. She's one-hundred percent correct and he hates it.

"The next time I saw him was at the restaurant. He told me he had been sleeping by the tracks at night and walking around town or staying at the gas station during the day," George says. "I felt bad and long story short I invited him over again." He vaguely throws a hand out and says, "and now it's a routine I guess. I completely forgot we had security cameras. I didn't think you would ever find out."

Realistically he knows he couldn't have let him stay over forever, but at the same time it wasn't the first thing on his mind. He's not sure he would have ever told his mom or not if things had gone unnoticed.

His mom sighs. George now sees the flicker of anger and concern behind her eyes. "George," she starts. "You won't admit it yourself but you are a very caring person and I love that about you. However, that was the dumbest thing you have ever done."

"I know." He really does.

"Do you know how bad this could have been?" George nods his head. "He's a stranger, he could have hurt you."

"You're right, but he didn't." He isn't sure why he suddenly feels the need to defend Dream. He knows his mom is just worried for him, rightfully so, but it still gets on his nerves. "He wouldn't do that though. He's been nothing but kind. Ollie really likes him and he even makes me eat breakfast in the mornings."

"George that's not the point!" It's difficult to fight back when you know you're on the wrong side of the argument. "Yes, now you know that he's a sweet boy, but when you first walked up to him you didn't!" When she leans closer George thinks she might grab him by the ear and continue to yell at him, but instead she wraps her arms around him. "Do you know how scared I was?" Her voice is much quieter now.

"No, I'm sorry," George murmurs. He finds some irony in how quickly she went from concerned, to supportive, and then back to concerned.

"You know that I love you, right?"

"I know, I love you too." And now he feels guilty. He completely understands why his mother is upset and knowing that he's the one who caused her to worry makes his stomach twist.

She smiles sadly. "Good."

Now what? George has never been good at comforting people, but he seemed to do something since she smiled? Regardless what the hell is he supposed to say now? There is no way they just move on like nothing happened. He really wants to ask if Dream can still stay over when she's gone but that would probably be incredibly insensitive right now. But how is he supposed to randomly bring it up later on?

"So what does this mean?" George asks hesitantly.

She takes a moment to respond. "It means you're in huge trouble." His initial reaction is to fight back but if it were his kid he would be making a much bigger deal out of this than she is. "I would ground you but you never leave the house anyway. I could take your phone," she pauses to think, "but I want you to have it in case of an emergency since I'm gone all day." George almost speaks up and says his computer but that would be counter productive. "I'll think of something. But for now, tell me about him."

"What? Why?"

"What do you mean why?" She looks at him absurdly. "You've let this kid into the house, I think I deserve to know a little bit about him. So have you become friends?"

George's first instinct is to say no... but are they friends? They barely talk when Dream is around and they know little to nothing besides each others' names. However they are nice to one another and the small conversations they share are always pleasant.

He supposes they are acquaintances. "I guess so? And I don't know what you want me to tell you. I don't know much about him." His mom stares disbelievingly. "I'm telling the truth! What I told you is just about as much as I know. He has a sister who he loves, but I don't think he likes his parents that much. He seemed hesitant to tell me why he ran away so I didn't ask again."

They both stay silent for a long moment. George tries to think of anything else he might know about Dream but fails miserably.

"Where is he now?"

"I don't know. He doesn't tell me exactly where he goes when he leaves but I kicked him out not too long ago." George reaches for his phone and thumbs at the case, taking a guess as to what his mom wants next. "He can't be too far."

"You have his phone number?" George nods. "I want you to have him over."

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Less than an hour later George is answering the door. He stands inside the house with his head poked through the opening between the door and the frame. "Dream," the brunet says, hearing his own voice go unsteady.

"Yes?" Ollie meows impatiently behind the shorter, knowing who's on the other side of the door.

"You called me here?"

"Right." George steps aside and opens the door a little wider to let the boy in. He puts his foot in

front of Ollie so he doesn't run out to see Dream quicker. When the blond drops his bag by the door and bends down to scratch the cat like he always does, George's stomach turns. What is normally a cute (only because of Ollie's fondness for Dream) sight makes him very nervous.

“So, what's up?” Dream looks up to George with a smirk, still scratching the cat. “You just couldn't wait to see me,” he teases. “I thought your mom would be home by now.”

“Ah, well yes.” George points to the occupied chair in the living room that the other failed to notice. Dream's gaze follows his hand and when he finally understands, he gets up in record timing.

Dream plasters a small smile on his face, surprise still evident in his eyes. “Hello!” Despite the dreadful situation, George is tempted to laugh at the other's fake cheerfulness. Dream glances down at George but says nothing. He doesn't need to. It's clear that he is scared for his life.

George can only give a pitiful smile back. “Dream, this is my mom. She uh... she found out.”

“Hello Dream, it's nice to meet you,” his mom says all too nicely. “You can call me Ms. Davies. Come sit down.” She gestures to the couch. Dream sits on the side furthest from Georges mom. George starts to walk to the other side of the couch before his mom chimes in. “George, you can go up to your room.”

George freezes and sneaks a look at the sitting blond who stares up at him, eyes wide. Dream is silently pleading him to stay. Yes he feels bad but something is telling him it wasn't a suggestion but a demand and he is not about to defy his mom anymore today. “Alright, call me down when you're done?” Ms. Davies nods and Dream looks downright mortified.

George scurries of to his room, feeling two sets of eyes on him. He quietly shuts the door and presses his ear against it. Their soft voices can be heard but unfortunately, he has no idea what they are saying. Part of him wants to know exactly what they are talking about, the other is grateful to be out of the room. The atmosphere was full of tension, but one could argue he's just as nervous in his room as he would be down there with them.

Distractions.

He walks to the other side of his room and stares out the window, simply watching the empty street. Okay, that's not helping. After some time, he resorts to simply counting the seconds so his brain wouldn't have anything else to focus on. He counted to seventeen before it got annoying. What do people do when they're anxious? George recalls seeing people pace when their stressed out. He tries for a little bit, walking from his desk to the other side of his room. He quickly finds it tiring and flops down on his bed.

If he tries hard enough, he can hear the muffled talking over his heartbeat from downstairs. What was his mom even saying? George really hopes she isn't being rude. That's not something that she would normally do, she's always been sweet, however he's never been in trouble like this. Minutes drag on and instead of becoming calmer, he gets more and more uneasy. How long does it take to talk?

George could have been looking at his phone all this time but he doubts it would cure his restlessness. At some point he stopped hearing their voices which made him panic even more. Suddenly there's a knock at his door and George is pulled from the depths of his racing mind. His mom pushes open his door and lets him know that they were done talking. As he gets up from his bed, the brit expects his mom to turn back to the steps but instead she keeps walking to her room.

George all but runs to the staircase until he sees a glimpse of Dream. The blond sits exactly where he left him, except his shoes are off and his legs crossed on the couch. And of course Ollie is in his lap.

Now knowing that the other hasn't been kicked out of the house immediately, he makes his way down the steps, unsure of what to talk about. Before he can say anything, Dream looks up to George and gives him a smile. In that moment George's heart can't decide what exactly to feel. Dream's cheeks are red and slightly damp. It doesn't take a genius to tell that he was previously crying.

"Dream," he says, sitting down on the opposite edge of the couch. He grabs one of the couch pillows, hands still shaky from his nerves, and moves it so he can sit against the arm rest and face the other. *Fucking hell, why is comforting people so difficult?* "Are you alright?"

"Yes I'm fine." Dream gives him another smile and it looks genuine.

"What did she say?" Did his mom make him cry on purpose? She wouldn't do that. "Did she yell at you? Was she mean?"

"No, no!" The boy laughs, "she wasn't, I promise."

George wants to ask why he was crying but figures that would be impolite. Why is he so stuck on being nice now? He furrows his eyebrows when he thinks about it a little harder. They barely talk when he's around and George acts pretty coldly around the other. He was never outright rude, but the small things here and there like not bothering to wait for him at the gas station with Sapnap that one time and always giving him short, clipped answers.

Since things hadn't been as awkward the past few times Dream was over, he had been making a clear attempt to be friendly with George. The brunet never completely ignored him, but always answered vaguely and pretty much ended conversations at any chance he could. Something that feels similar regret blooms in his chest.

But now here he is, suddenly concerned if his mother said something inconsiderate and praying that she'll let him come over still. A few weeks ago George wouldn't have had a single complaint if he was to never see Dream again.

"What did you talk about, then?" Dream plays with the collar of his shirt with one hand and gently scratches Ollie with the other.

"Nothing much." *Yeah right.* "She just wanted to know where else I've been staying and what we've been doing here." That makes sense but there's no way that was the whole conversation.

"That's it?" Dream nods. "You talk for like, I don't know, half an hour and that's all she wanted from you?"

"Yeah," he says. It was evidently a lie. At least George can't consider himself the absolute worst liar he's ever met anymore.

George barely suppresses a grunt and shoves himself up from the couch, mildly annoyed from Dream's little game of secrets. He knows the other is watching him as he heads back upstairs. Damn, George is really getting his cardio in today.

On his way to find his mom, George reasons with himself. Okay, so Dream's won't tell him something. So what? He doesn't really need to know. It's not like he's entitled to know every little thing about the other. He knows he shouldn't mind it that much but he finds himself growing even



more bothered when he continues to think about it.

So he forces himself to momentarily stop thinking about it.

He finds his mom in her room, working her way through one of the books she bought last week. "Mom." She takes her time, probably finishing a paragraph, before sliding her reading glasses off and looking over to George who stands in the doorway.

"Yes, George?" She asks as if she doesn't already know what he's going to say. Why is he the one left in the dark about all this?

"What did you talk about? With Dream?"

"Nothing much." What are they not telling him? To think that the boy George took in off the streets and his own mother are hiding something from him is a daunting thought. The brunet stares, begging her to continue. "What do you want me to say?"

"I don't know, something!"

"You're still in trouble." George grumbles something under his breath, praying his mom didn't hear it. She looks at him amusingly. "But I told him he can stay for now."

George's eyes widen and he fights to keep a neutral face. "What does that mean?" What the hell? Dream could have at least told him that.

"It means," she starts, "that I'm not going to kick him back out. Not for now, at least." She lightly scratches at the side of her cheek. It's something she usually does when she's stressed or thinking hard. "I need some time to think about it more, but he can stay with us for a little while."

"You keep saying that." His mom looks at him curiously. "You said 'for now'. So you will kick him out?"

"I said I need time to think about it. You do realize that this is a messy situation, right?" George does, but he doesn't want to think with the reasonable side of his brain right now. "I don't necessarily want to kick him out, but can't just live with us forever."

George is tempted to ask why not but that's definitely a stupid question and he himself can think of multiple reasons as to why he can't. "I get it."

"I know you're probably worried, you obviously care about him, but we will figure it out." George stiffens at the accusation.

"No, I just don't want to be rude," he insists.

Ms. Davies looks at him, clearly puzzled. "So you care about him. If you didn't care, you would have no issue being rude." George rebuffs the statement once again. "It's okay to care about someone, George."

He wants to spit something back but he knows he'd be lying to himself too. "Whatever," he changes the subject. "Was that all you talked about." She nods, devoid of any sort of emotion. She has the capability to show little to no emotion. Whether it's on purpose or not, George wishes he had the same ability. He's skeptical but he'll take it.

"Be nice to him," his mom says, putting her reading glasses back on. "You should try to get to know each other better."

He supposes that's not an unreasonable suggestion. "I'll try," he says and exits the room, unsure of where to head next.

He's found himself in this situation far too many times now. Normally he would just go back to his room and look at his phone for the rest of the day while Dream sits in the guest room. For some reason it's much different now that his mom knows and is allowing the blond to stay over.

George supposes he shouldn't just dumbly stand in the hallway.

He looks down over the railing for the second time that day. Sure enough, Dream's still sitting on the couch. "Dream." George's voice comes out much weaker than intended. None the less, Dream looks up to the top of the steps. "Since you'll be staying for some time," some voice inside the brit's head wants it to be longer than 'some time', "you want to grab your stuff and come up to the guest room?"

"Oh, sure," he says with slight puzzlement. The taller nudges at Ollie who was still in his lap, gently willing him to jump down. Dream gets up, nearly tripping over his own legs, before grabbing his bag and following after George. The heavy thump of Dream skipping up the steps is a sound the other has become quite accustomed to.

George is already standing in the middle of the room by the time Dream arrives. Once Dream sets his stuff down, which doesn't take long since it's literally one small backpack, he looks back at the brunet, most definitely expecting the other to leave.

"I was thinking that we should like, talk about something." Dream looks even more confused now. "You didn't do anything wrong! If that's what you're thinking." He looks more relieved now. "We just, don't really know anything about each other; which is weird to think about since you've been around for quite a while now. I was just thinking that we could get to know each other more. We don't have to but like, it would be nice to get along better and stuff." George stops and reminds himself to breathe.

Dream's face immediately lights up. "Yes of course," he says. He all but gracefully jumps onto the bed and pushes himself upward until he can lean back against the headboard. George finds his ability to seem so happy in the matter of mere seconds something to look up to. He follows after him, crossing his legs and sitting at the foot of the bed. "Okay so what do you want to know? Anything specific come to mind?"

*Why did you run away? Why are you obviously hiding something from me? Why were you crying earlier?*

That's a lot of 'why's.

"No, I don't think so."

"Well... I have a cat." Dream picks his phone up, takes a few moments to tap at the screen, and then gives the device to George. "Her name is Patches and she's a lot like Ollie – pretty shy at first but super sweet."

George studies the photo. There's a brown cat with darker stripes covering her body, as well as a large white spot on her chest. "She's cute. Do you miss her?" In the photo, Dream has his hand around her so she's held close to his chest. He stares for a little longer and hands the phone back over.

"Everyday. I've had her for a few years now." Dream switches the phone off and carelessly tosses

it back on the bed. "I wanted to take her with me but I didn't know where I would be going so decided not too. Though I do plan on getting her back one day."

George nods understandingly. "I've only had Ollie since we moved in."

"So you used to live in the UK?"

"Yes, England. We moved here for my mother's work." He gestures down the hall with his hand.

"Do you like it better there than here?"

"Honestly, it's not that different here." His hands find their way to the drawstrings of his hoodie. "I used to miss my old friends but I've made new ones. I'd say here is better just because I can associate it with home now. Though half a year ago I probably would have said England." It's something George used to think about when they first moved, but he rarely does now. "Do you miss any of your friends? Now that you've left?"

Dream shakes his head. "The closest thing I had to a friend was my sister, who I miss a ton. I was home-schooled all through middle to high school. I hated school when I was younger so I begged my parents to take me out. I'm surprised they listened."

George and his mom considered homeschooling for his junior year since they moved after the school year started. It seemed like a good idea but they both agreed that George would have had no reason to leave the house and would become even lazier than he already was. He'll admit, it was a decent point. In the end he wasn't too far behind and he's glad he went so he could meet his best friends.

"So you're out of high school?" He doesn't look like he's graduated, yet George is just a year away himself. That's scary to think about.

"Yes, it was an accelerated program or something like that. I've been done for a year now."

They continue to chat, learning small things like hobbies and favorite colors. The latter topic bringing George to point out that he was actually color blind. As expected, Dream spent a good five minutes pointing at random objects in the room and pictures on his phone, asking what colors they were. It was a typical response. Normally it would annoy him when other people bugged him about it, always saying that they felt 'sorry for him'.

Dream seemed more fascinated than anything else and George didn't mind trying to explain what he saw to the other.

As they continued to talk, they kept showing one another photos, and after an all too giddy suggestion from Dream, George ended up sitting next to him at the top of the bed. Only because it was way easier to continuously swap phones with one another when they were closer. He's pretty sure Dream's original suggestion had a joke about cuddling but the brunet pointedly ignored that part and kept a decent amount of space between the two.

George will say that it's nice to talk to the other. They shared words before but never got to know each other more than their names and basic things that were obvious from first glances. Looking back, George probably should have asked a few more things before letting him stay over that first night. He isn't sure what he should have asked, but he's now realizing that he knew nothing about Dream.

"I have been meaning to ask something, though." Dream looks a little apprehensive as he continues. "Would it be possible to go back to my parents house? Obviously not to stay, but to grab

some more of my stuff. I'm living off of three pairs of clothes right now," he says. "My sister said that they're keeping everything because they don't think I'll last long on my own or something like that."

"That's not a bad idea. If you want to you can collect all your important stuff and keep it here." Dream seems surprised by the offer. "I mean, my mom said you can stay for some time. Even if you do end up leaving you can keep your stuff here until you find a place, I'm sure it's not a problem."

"You're sure?"

"I'll double check with my mom if it makes you feel better." Dream nodded, saying he doesn't want to impose too much as if they haven't been living together on and off for the past few weeks. "I doubt my mom will be able to drive so I can ask Sapnap, if that's alright?"

"Yes that's perfect, thank you so much."

They fall into silence and scroll through their respective phones, only interrupted by George's mom saying that she's going to start dinner. It was a little odd how easily his mom agreed to everything, but George wasn't about to go pester her about it. Not too long ago he was dreading over what she would say but she was unusually... open to the whole thing? Sure she was mad, but it really didn't last long. The brit got incredibly lucky.

"Dream?" The blond looks up from his phone. "Will you ever tell me why you ran away in the first place?" It's been bugging him for a while and George surprises himself when he finds the confidence to blurt out the question. He can see Dream thinking and rushes to explain. "Like, you don't have to. I'm assuming it's really personal. But, to me at least, it's just really confusing. You had a place to stay, food and water, but you left not knowing where you would go to?"

Understanding flashes through Dream's eyes. "Don't get me wrong, what I did was pretty reckless, but I'm glad I left. I'd love to tell you but I still feel a little weird about the whole thing," the blond admits. George gets it, but it hurts a little. Does he not trust him? Dream seems to read his mind. "Don't look so worried, you haven't done anything wrong. I'll tell you eventually."

It's a little disappointing but good enough for now. "I see." He would have expected the room to feel a little tense after that but Dream seems unbothered and just smiles down at him.

"Can I hug you?" *Huh?* George's eyes widen a bit. Okay, scratch that, he definitely feels a little tense now. Maybe he's the only one feeling it since Dream doesn't wait for an answer, instead he slowly wraps his arms around George. "Thank you." He isn't sure what the other is thanking him for at this point.

George simply sits for a second, brain trying to catch up with reality. The brunet slowly returns the gesture, aware of his slightly shaky hands as they make contact with Dream's back. He takes care to avoid the area of the taller's scar which is still healing. Why is it such a big deal? It's just a hug. He's usually not once for embraces but he makes exceptions for his mom and the three brain dead idiots he hangs out with. For some reason it's a little different with Dream.

It's probably because they're still newer friends. They're friends, right? George hopes so, especially after everything up until this point.

Time ticks on and neither of them say anything. It feels way to intimate. George is picking up on things he shouldn't be able to. He can feel Dream's warm breath against his hair. The way his hand grabs a little tighter at his hoodie every now and then doesn't go unnoticed. The smell of his own

shampoo on the other is much stronger when his nose is buried in his shoulder. George isn't sure who's heart he's listening to right now. He feels inclined to let his eyes fall closed but the awkward angle of his legs tells him not too.

Dream seems adamant on not letting go, only releasing George after his mom calls dinner from downstairs. The flustered part of George is relieved that the other let go, however the other half of him misses the warmth.

## Chapter End Notes

hopefully you liked it :]

6k chapter hehe

## Chapter 6

### Chapter Notes

I HAVE SO MUCH TO TALK ABOUT IN THE NOTES HOLY SHIT YOU GUYS  
YOUR GONNA WANNA STICK AROUND FOR THIS ONE

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The car stops just outside a rather grand house. Dream never mentioned living in a fucking mansion. Maybe that was exaggerating a bit but the white house with an immaculate front yard probably costed more money than George could ever hope to make.

“So this is it?” Sapnap looks at the house, then to his right at Dream who sits in the passenger seat. Halfway through the long drive, they stopped to get drinks. Dream had taken the opportunity to steal the passenger seat from George, because his “legs are too long to sit comfortably in the back”. They agreed that on the way back they would stop at some point to switch again, that way it was fair.

“Yup.” Dream unbuckles his seat belt with unstable hands and turns around to look at George. “You'll come in with me, right?”

George had agreed to walk in and help him gather stuff. But that was a couple days ago when he didn't have to worry about it too much. He's regretting his commitment now. “Yes, let's just make it quick. Are your parents home?” He would have guessed they were based on the three cars in the driveway but with this kind of money who knows how many they have.

Dream nods. “My dad's working in his office so we won't have to worry about him.” He opens the car door and checks his phone one last time. “My sister's going to let us in. She said my mom's on the other side of the house so she most likely won't see us right away.”

“I don't know what you plan on taking with you but just remember there's only so much we can fit in this car,” Sapnap says. Dream says something about taking a suitcase and some other stuff and that's it.

George gets out of the car and follows behind Dream. The blond walks right across the neatly trimmed lawn instead of using the pavement. It felt like a crime but George didn't feel like straying too far from the other. They didn't even have to knock when they reach the porch, the door clicks and is pulled open by someone from the other side.

A girl immediately bursts outside and slams her head against Dream chest. The taller wastes no time in hugging her back, telling her he's missed her. George knows its Dream's little sister, sharing many of the same features. Including height. The brunet is somewhat mortified that he's only an inch or two taller than the girl.

After a moment, Dream pushes her off to talk to her easier. “Drista, this is George. He's the one I've been telling you about.” She smiles gratefully at George.

“Thank you for taking care of him.” Drista steps aside to let them in the house. “I bet he's a bit of a handful sometimes.” Her laugh is practically a carbon copy of Dream's.

George chuckles quietly. "He is." Dream lets out an offended noise but doesn't say anything back.

Drista looks back to her brother. "I can try and distract mom if you want?" Dream shakes his head.

"No that's okay, just go back to what you were doing. I don't want you to get into trouble." The girl nods and disappears into the next room over. Dream shuts the front door and starts walking towards the large winding staircase. "Alright, just follow me." At the top of the steps, they take a right and continue down the long hallway. There are multiple large photos of the family hung on the walls, some of them more recent than others.

They pass a couple rooms. One is very obviously a bathroom, the other has a bed but looks rather plain. George assumes it's a guest room. One of them is pretty large decorated with brighter colors, probably Drista's. They turn into the last room down the hallway and the second Dream enters, he runs over to his bed in the opposite corner.

"Patches!" Unlike the blond, George takes his time to walk over to the bed. Sure enough, there's a cat that he now recognizes from the various pictures he's been shown. Dream picks her up and holds her so her front paws drape over his shoulder. "Hello baby," he says, voice higher pitched than normal.

George lets him have his moment and looks around the room. It was easily twice the size of his own along with a walk in closet at the far side. It's white for the most part with accents of what he assumes is green since he's been told it's his favorite color. His eyes land on the gaming setup on his desk up against the wall. The PC itself was probably more expensive than George's entire setup. Suddenly there's a presence at his side and George practically jumps out of his skin.

"That's the first thing we are taking." Dream makes quick work of reaching around the side of the desk and unplugging all the electrical cords. "You take the monitor and I'll take the computer. We can shove the keyboard and stuff in one of the bags later." George was relieved he wouldn't be taking the monster of a PC tower but still gripped onto the expensive monitor like a lifeline. They decided it would be best to put it in the backseat instead of the trunk, that way whoever rides in the back can make sure it doesn't fall over. After putting it safely in the car, both Dream and George laugh from the front porch as they watch as Sapnap twist around in his seat to inspect the computer.

Their next mission was to pack as many clothes as possible. Dream opened the large suitcase he got down from the overhead storage in the closet and began messily throwing clothes into the bag. Normally, George does the same, but if they wanted to take as much as possible they needed to be more organized. After some bickering he convinced Dream to take everything back out and fold the clothes. Once the suitcase was full, Dream took out a duffel bag that had been hiding somewhere.

They proceeded to throw items like his keyboard and mouse along with toiletries. George was about to zip up the bag when Dream literally tore apart his closet, looking for the blanket his sister crocheted for him one year. Finally content once he found it, he shoved it in the bag and dragged the suitcase down the hall. George took the duffel bag which felt like it was going to break with how many things they had packed. After delivering the second round of goods to the car, they trudged up the lawn one last time.

Patches.

George had asked his mom if it was okay for Dream to grab some of his stuff, which she agreed to as expected. At some point in one of their conversations at dinner, the topic of pets came up, prompting Dream tell Ms. Davies about his own cat. Neither of the boys expected her to suggest that he take her with him when he went back to his house.

George's mom never really jokes like that, but he still thought she was kidding. The next day she said that she was dead serious and Dream had given her the biggest smile George has ever seen. The brit really couldn't believe how generous his mom was being.

Dream walks ahead of George and opens the front door, freezes, and turns to look down at the other all in a few seconds. There was a hint of worry in his features and George felt his own heart beat pick up.

"My mom's here," he explains, voice hushed. "Let me do the talking, if she says anything to you just ignore her." Before George could protest, Dream turns back around.

They shuffle inside, Dream stepping in first. From over the other's shoulder, George catches sight of a shorter woman with light brown hair, chopped at her shoulders. Her arms are crossed over her chest and if George had to take a guess, she doesn't look very happy.

"Clay?" *Clay? Is that his name?* George never asked him what his actual name was, figuring if he wanted to be called by his real name he would have brought it up already. "What are you doing?" Her voice was stern, reiterating the fact that George's mother is considerably more patient. Dream pays her no mind and continues walking in the direction of the steps, the brunet trailing behind. "Clay."

"What do you think I'm doing?" Dream snaps, finally sparing a glance at his mom halfway up the stairs. He looks back down to the woman who's expression grows more displeased by the second.

"Who are you?" Her eyes shift to George, making him grow nervous from the very much unwanted attention. He feels inclined to respond, not because he wants to, but out of politeness. Dream speaks instead

"He's my friend." George doesn't know what to do with himself. He briefly watches his own hands as they twist the fabric of his sweatshirt sleeves, not wanting to make eye contact.

"What's your name?" The question is once again directed at him. He finds that it's a weird feeling to have someone talk for him.

"That doesn't matter. We are taking Patches and then leaving," he says and restarts his journey back up the stairs. George remembers the blond saying something about his parents hating animals so they wouldn't mind if he took her.

When they reach the top of the steps his mom speaks up again, voice a bit louder. "We were worried about you." The emotionless tone in her voice says otherwise.

Dream scoffs but doesn't stop walking away from her. "If you really cared you would have called me more than once over the past month," he shouts so that he can be heard from down the hall. He makes a show of slamming his door and locking it once they're both inside, Patches eyeing them, probably annoyed from all the noise. He gives George an apologetic look. "Sorry 'bout that," he grumbles and reaches under his bed.

George waves him off. "Don't worry about it. Kind of expected it." Dream laughs like this whole situation was completely normal. After fumbling his arm around blindly under the bed, the taller pulls out a small animal crate. How the fuck did that fit under there?

Patches warily looks at the blond upon seeing the cage. "I know, I'm sorry," Dream says. He walks over to the cat who surprisingly lets him scoop her up, despite not wanting to be stuck in the crate. "Can you grab her bed and feed bowls?" He points to the small, fluffy cat bed in the corner of the



room after getting her in the crate. Next to it are two glass dishes, each had her name painted neatly on the outside.

“Wow, she's spoiled,” George comments as he picks them up.

“She deserves it,” Dream says and wonders into his closet before emerging with a half empty bag of cat food. “Although she does look a bit... chunky,” he grins. “I think Drista's been spoiling her a little too much.” He carefully lifts the cage up and tucks the bag of food under his arm. “That should be it. My mom is probably still downstairs, so you have been warned.”

He somehow manages to unlock and open the door while balancing everything at once. George could have gotten it for him but Dream seemed determined to do it himself. Once they're down the hall, George spots the woman once again, now standing before the front door as if she was trying to block them. Dream noticing this as well, groans and gingerly sets Patches and the bag down at the bottom of the steps.

“Mom, we are leaving,” he grabs onto the handle and starts to open the door but stops before it hits his mom who still hasn't moved. “Move.” No response. “Please,” Dream says, not so politely.

“That's no way to talk to me!” She leans back against the door in an attempt to close it, but it only wavers as Dream pulls back to keep it open. “Now tell me, who is this boy,” she throws her hand pettily in George's direction as if he wasn't there.

“I already told you,” Dream says, throwing his head back in exasperation. “He's my friend. Just move.” When she refuses to move like a child throwing a tantrum, the blond adds another “please” which of course doesn't help.

“You can't just *leave*,” she says as if he hasn't been gone for some time now.

“Yes I can leave,” Dream states. “And I know for a fact you don't care enough to stop me. The second I leave this door you won't come looking for me, will you?”

His mom chews the insides of her lip, very obviously thinking of what to say. “I don't like you staying with a complete stranger,” She changes the subject and turns to look at George. It's then that the brunet decides he doesn't want to exist anymore. “Who are you?” The boy in question frantically looks at Dream, but before the blond could save him his mom continues.

She must have put the pieces of a non-existent puzzle together because suddenly she's yelling at him with new-found vigor. “What the hell have you done to my son?” Even if he were to start speaking, how is he supposed to answer that? “Are you *really* his friend?” At this point George is completely lost. She might as well be speaking a different language. “You did this, didn't you? This was your idea!” She points her index finger at George, directing all of her pent-up anger to him.

How she can go from mildly pissed off to radioactive so quickly, he'll never know. George and Dream leave for a couple minutes to shove a cat in a crate and suddenly she's ten times angrier.

Something this crazy bitch is saying seems to make sense to Dream. “Shut up!” His mom goes silent, the assault to their ears finally ceased, and looks up at her son. “Just- he has nothing to do with anything!” Dream opens the door again, this time making it apparent he won't stop even if his mom is still in the way. There's a brain somewhere up there because she swiftly steps away. “You know exactly why I'm leaving. I felt safer sleeping beside the fucking train tracks than I did here!” He delicately picks the crate back up, contradicting his tone. “Why does it matter to you? You were gonna send me off anyways!” George quickly walks out the door that the woman hasn't dared to close, aware that Dream was right behind him. “If you really care about me like you say you do,

none of this would have happened,” he finishes.

Both boys face the door from the outside, waiting to see if there's any sort of retaliation. Instead, they are met with a unsympathetic glare, followed by the large door slamming in their faces.

It's quiet now.

George can hear his heart beating in his ears. His hands holding the plush cat bed and glass bowls are definitely shaking – more out of adrenaline than fear. He finds himself let out a breath he didn't know he was holding in. When the sound of the water trickling from the large fountain to the side of the porch finally grew louder than the steady thump in George's chest, he turns his attention to the boy at his side.

Dream looks down, face splitting into a smile. George admits that he looks good with a smile. But this is a strange time to be looking so happy. “Well,” Dream says, turning to head towards the parked car on the street. “She makes a good first impression, doesn't she?” His voice is laced with humor.

“If she's trying to come off as a psycho, I guess so.” George is a little surprised that the other seems unfazed, but he's glad that Dream can joke about it instead of feeling uneasy.

Once Dream stops laughing, he apologizes. “Again, I'm sorry about that.”

George just shrugs as he walks to the back of Sapnap's car and puts down the items in the trunk. “It's really not your fault.” He slides into the back seat next to patches crate. They really packed the car as much as possible. The PC and monitor are fit snugly on the floor between the front and back seats while the duffel bag separates Patches' crate from the door. They had managed to fit the large suitcase in the trunk, but it took some effort.

Luckily for Sapnap, he seems completely oblivious to the terror that they had just witnessed. “Ready?” The raven looks towards Dream who hums a confirmation.

“Get me out of here,” he grins.

And so the two hour journey back home begins. Not even halfway through, George yells at Sapnap to pull over so he can sit in the front seat again. Dream begrudgingly agrees and it's then that Patches decides she's had enough of the cage. After they started driving again, she threw a fit. She had been completely quiet and patient for the first half, but apparently one more hour would kill her.

Dream ended up letting her out of the crate so she could sit in his lap. Only then did the onslaught of meows stop. The rest of the car ride was pretty peaceful. Dream stayed quiet for the most part, dividing his attention between Patches and his phone while Sapnap and George made light conversation.

When they pulled up to George's house, his mother was still at work. They had picked up Dream immediately after school in order to get back before it was dark. George is surprised that Sapnap agreed to drive for the whole day. Although the second they got home he made them unload the car so he could leave sooner.

The first thing they did was introduce Ollie and Patches. There's probably a much safer way to do so rather than both the boys holding their cats for a few minutes before putting them on the ground.

Whatever they did worked because they seemed to be fine. Neither of the animals were fond of one another, but they weren't fighting either. Ollie gave the intruder a few sniffs before going back to

whatever he had been doing before and Patches opted to follow Dream and George around upstairs while they put his belongings away.

It didn't take too long for them to stuff his clothes into the empty dresser and put his minimal toiletries away in the bathroom. There was only so much they could fit in the suitcase and bag. Their next task was setting up Dream's computer. The process of actually plugging everything in was quick, but George wanted to see what games he had. There were a couple first-person shooter games that Dream ignored in favor of showing George his survival world he had been working on.

George spent the better half of his night sitting at the foot of the blond's bed while the other sat in the old office chair in front of his computer. Just before the brit could boot up his own PC and join the other, his mom rudely interrupted them to tell them to come eat.

The taller did most of the talking that night, explaining the things he grabbed from his parents' house. Both Dream and George skipped over a lot of the details, silently agreeing to leave out the encounter with the satanic woman.

But the scene is still fresh in George's mind. She had accused him of various things that made no sense to him, however Dream seemed to have understood. He wanted to ask him what she was talking about but decided against it. It most likely had something to do with why the other left. He would just ask him when Dream finally tells him. If he ever does.

## Chapter End Notes

### OKAY FIRST ON THE LIST: ENGLISH TEACHER DRAMA

this man gave me a fucking 50% on my essay. he said it was rushed and I could do much better (and i agree it was rushed) but the other reason the grade is so low is because it was late. LIKE YES ITS LATE I WAS SICK AND HE KNEW THIS SO I EMAILED HIM AND VERY POLITELY ASKED IF IT WAS STILL LATE EVEN THO I WAS SICK AND HE SAID YES. my man. it was two days late. i was on my fucking deathbed and UNFORTUNENTLY I STILL HAVE TO DEAL WITH HIS BS. MY GRADE WENT FROM A 98% TO A 76% IN TREE WEEKS IM DONE. NOW JUST ONE MORE WEEK AND IM FREE DEAR LORD

### SECOND UP: HOLY SHIT MY SISTER YOU GUYS - YOU ARE GONNA WANT TO READ THIS I CANT MAKE THIS SHIT UP

ima try and explain this the best i can. i have a little sister who is pretty young, i wont say ages but she is not a teenager yet. her friend who happens to be my best friend's little brother told me that she, and i quote, was "putting up pictures of dream and george having sex on their minecraft server"... and so my first reaction was "are you positive... like are they just kissing or..?" and hes like "NO NO ITS FULL ON PORN" AND I STARTED LAUGHING BUT AT THE SAME TIME I WAS LIKE AW HELL NO.

so i have all of her passwords because im the one whO GAVE HER A MINECRAFT ACCOUNT AND SET UP HER LAPTOP SO I LOG ONTO THE SERVER AND OHMYGOD THE FIRST THING I SEE I THIS TWO BLOCK ITEM FRAME PICTURE OF A FUCKING PENIS LMAOAOOAO so im looking around right and this shit is EVERYWHERE LIKE GIRL HOW TF DID YOU EVEN FIND THIS.

anyways i blew up this room that was just full of literal porn and then got onto her discord and looked at her messages, was completely mortified, and snitched to my mom bc im a bitch. she is grounded for a month. in the off chance she knows wtf ao3 is and reads this exact fic, i am not sorry.

like it would have been a different story if a) she was older b) she didnt go around and show it to other people and c) didn't haRRASS PEOPLE WITH GAY PORN

thats the drama. you are welcome.

## Chapter 7

### Chapter Notes

this is more of a filler chap but still important

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

If there's one thing that George has noticed about Dream, it's that he's very clingy. Clingy and touchy.

Ever since they started talking more, he's found himself next to the other more than intended. It was a gradual thing, though. They began speaking to each other more like friends than roommates, and as a result the blond become more and more bold. He created a habit of teasing George about small things and a lot of their conversations held friendly banter.

He makes a point of asking the brunet to describe his day in detail when gets home each afternoon. George isn't sure if he can think of any other ways to say “boring” and “too much work”.

Along with this came Dream's presence. Multiple times throughout the day, George would find that the other is in a relatively close proximity. Whether it's when Dream decides to join the other in sitting on his bed or they are simply walking down the hallway together, he's right there. Much closer than necessary.

He's also noticed that Dream likes to grab at his shirt, tap him on the shoulder, or really any other physical touch as a way to get his attention. Instead of simply calling his name, he would reach out to him if he was close enough. But that's as far as the touching went, the only exception being the hug. And George subconsciously running his hands through blond hair the first time they met but he tries to rid that thought from his mind. Key word, tries.

For the most part, George doesn't mind the constant questioning. Although it is a little awkward having to explain to someone what the “sex havers” group chat is. No matter how many times George tells him it's just a group chat with his best friends, the other raises an eyebrow and lets out some smart remark regarding the name of the chat.

On George's journey to convince Dream that it really is just his best friends and not whatever the fuck he's thinking, he has invited him hang out with them. Sapnap mentioned something about the four of them getting together and George hesitantly asked if Dream could join to which the raven-haired boy eagerly agreed. In their minimal encounters, Sapnap seems to have taken a liking to him.

Plus, George feels terrible for Dream. He sits at home all day while George is gone at school – it's probably the explanation as to why he's so persistent about spending time with the brit whenever he is home. But he figures it would be nice for Dream to get along with his friends, especially since they were getting closer.

Dream knocks on George's bedroom door and opens it without waiting for an answer, worry written clearly on his face. “What should I wear?” The brunet can't help but laugh.

“I can hear you walking around in there. Have you been trying to figure out what to wear?” Dream

nods. “Dude, just put on a sweatshirt. We are gonna sit around at his house until like ten at night or something, I don't know.”

“I don't want to look like you *actually* took me in of the streets.”

“They won't care. We're a bunch of seventeen year old boys.” Finally taking his word for it, Dream shuts the door and reemerges five minutes later in casual clothes. “You look fine,” George reassures, already knowing what he was going to ask.

It didn't take long for Sapnap to pull into the driveway, and after informing George's mom that they would be gone for a while, they piled into the back of the boy's car. Quackity was already there, occupying the front seat which George made sure to protest about.

“Quit whining down there.” Quackity turns to face George whose directly behind him and holds his hand horizontal to his eyes as if to say the other was short.

“What, I'm taller than you by like-” The rest of George's rebuttal is ignored as the other directs his attention to Dream.

“I'm Quackity, it's nice to finally meet you,” he says genuinely.

The blond smiles. “Dream, and you too.”

“George has had a lot to say about you.” George should have expected this. He eyes the shorter raven warily as he turns back around. “You know when he first mentioned you, he was all like 'I just wanted to get rid of him' and stuff.”

“Wh- No I didn't say that!”

“Yes you did! Don't even lie,” he laughs.

Dream only chuckles and prompts the other on. “I'm sure he did.”

George gapes at him, slightly betrayed. “Why the hell would you believe him? Don't listen to anything he has to say.”

“Oh yeah, we all couldn't believe he kicked you out after one night, especially since his mom wasn't going to be home for a few more days,” Sapnap finally speaks up.

Quackity nods. “Yeah, and then he was all concerned about you, saying you weren't taking care of yourself. Now he's like, in love with you or some shit. I doubt he'd let one of us stay over for this long.”

“Georgie,” Dream tsks and stares at him teasingly. Whatever retort George was planning died on his tongue with the use of the nickname.

“I can't believe you guys are already ganging up on me,” he mutters and looks out the window, not wanting Dream to see the light blush he could feel himself sporting. This was a terrible idea. “I be nice for once and now you all make fun of me.”

Sapnap must take pity on him since he changes the subject. “Anyways, Karl will join us later. He said he had something to finish before he could come over.” George hums, not looking back over until Dream speaks.

“Thanks for letting me join you guys, you didn't have to.”

“You seem pretty chill,” Sapnap says as he turns down his street. It's been a while since George has been over to someone's house. They usually go to his own house since his mom is never home – not that any of the other parents care, but most of the time they don't want to be pestered. “We all clearly get along, it would be nice to get to know you some more.”

George comes to find out that “getting to know” Dream means asking him a few questions before diving right into embarrassing stories of when the brit first transferred schools. And it only got worse once Karl arrived.

“George must have wanted to be alone for the rest of high school or something!” Karl exclaims after taking a sip of his energy drink. “Quackity was the first one to talk to him and George completely ignored him!”

“Stop lying! I didn't ignore him, I was just nervous because I had never talked to him before,” George desperately tries to explain. “What do you expect, those were the first few weeks after I moved.”

“Okay, and? You were so cold to me, George,” the boy in the beanie says, grasping dramatically at his heart.

“What do you mean 'and'? This is a whole new fucking continent!” All four boys laugh and George finds it nearly impossible not to do the same. “You can't blame me,” he adds spitefully, though the others know there was no malice behind the words.

After Karl had been dropped off, Sapnap's mom nicely offered to order the boys pizza which they finished eating way too quickly to be considered healthy. Afterwards, they piled into Sapnap's room with snacks and drinks. As expected, Dream has been next to George the entire time. Though the blond is obviously enjoying himself and talking to other people, it's clear that he feels more comfortable next to George. The thought makes George happy.

So when they went up to Sapnap's room, George took a seat on the carpet floor and leaned against the wall, ready for Dream to sit by him. Which the other did, but he made sure to press right against him, shoulder to shoulder. They would never even sit like this at home, why here of all places? Thankfully no one batted an eye, but the brunet found his mind focusing on the fact that he could literally feel whenever the other inhales and exhales.

“Are you distant around everyone you meet at first,” Dream laughs, smiling down at him.

George shrugs. “I'll admit, I act pretty apathetic to anyone else besides you guys, so consider yourselves lucky.”

“Is that your way of saying you love us?” Karl giggles.

“Sure,” George mumbles and grabs a few potato chips to busy himself with.

“Dream,” Quackity starts from his spot on the bed. “Sapnap said that you used to live in a big-ass mansion.”

Dream scoffs. “I wouldn't call it a mansion.”

“I definitely would,” Sapnap responds. “You downgraded. The house is smaller, *and* you have to stay with George.” If he wasn't so far away, George would slap him on the shoulder.

“Nah, it was worth it. You couldn't pay me to go back there again.” It's apparent that everyone in the room wants to hear more. George glances at Dream who seems to be thinking over his next

words. "Terrible parents. They had lot's of expectations for me, many of which I would never meet, willingly or forcefully. I just didn't feel safe there."

"Did they like, hurt you?" George winces a little at the question even though it isn't his to answer. He wants to yell at Sapnap but the other doesn't know any better. Instead he settles on shooting him a glare. "If you don't mind me asking," Sapnap adds after looking at George.

Dream seems surprisingly unfazed. "Well, not exactly," Dream responds before stealing a chip from George's hand. George was too surprised by the fact that the blond was saying so much to stop him. "They did a couple times, but it wasn't a continuous thing. There are some other reasons," he says vaguely, "but yeah. I'm glad I left."

Well that's some new information to George. Sure, there's still more, but he hadn't heard that much about it. And all of the sudden the brunet feels hurt. They've known each other for a month now but he hasn't heard any of this, yet here he is talking like it's nothing to his friends which he met two hours ago. It's stupid and selfish of George and he knows it, but it doesn't stop him from feeling that way.

He once again tells himself that he doesn't need to know every detail of the other's life, but his heart still feels like someone's poking and prodding at it. It's annoying, it hurts, and he wants it to fucking stop. Does Dream still not trust him enough? Even after everything George has done?

Like the good person he is, George keeps it to himself.

"I see," Sapnap says after a second. "Well you are even luckier than the rest of us that George didn't just completely ignore you for a week straight like he did to Quackity the first time they met."

The brit quickly forgets about his little headache, now having something else to think about. "Fucking hell, I didn't just ignore him!" Karl, Sapnap, and Dream laugh while Quackity sits up straighter, ready to argue again.

"George! I went up to you every single day at lunch and oh-so-nicely asked if you wanted to sit and eat with us. Each time you pulled out your headphones, glared at me, and said "no thank you" in the most impolite way possible."

"You're right, I did!" George lifts himself off the wall and points a finger at his accuser. "And that isn't consider ignoring, now is it?" He slumps back against the wall and crosses his arms over his chest.

"You say it like what you did was much nicer," Quackity shakes his head.

"Doesn't matter, I didn't 'ignore' you like you guys keep insinuating."

"Whatever, we still got you to join us in the end."

"Only because you wouldn't quit bothering me," George insists. He remembers everything clearly. Quackity just wouldn't give up. In the end, George is glad that he was so determined to befriend him, but at the time he remembers wanting nothing to do with him. Even switching tables to the opposite end of the cafeteria didn't help. The boy in the beanie made the treacherous journey across the room everyday until George caved in. "I can't say that I willingly joined you guys at first. But I'm happy to be here now."

Quackity seems somewhat satisfied with the confession and leans back against the side of the bed. The rest of the night continues in a blur. All five boys shared many of their own stories from



childhood and random school experiences. George continued to sneak glances at the boy directly by his side throughout the entire time, making sure he was enjoying himself.

Dream wore a smile on his face the whole time, seemingly invested in the stories they were all narrating. There were multiple times where George thought Dream would pass out from lack of oxygen due to his stupid wheeze but he managed to survive the night.

Sapnap didn't drop them back off at home until about eleven, which all things considered wasn't too bad. They always seem to have a habit of getting carried away and arriving back at home much later.

They entered the house quietly, not wanting to wake up George's mother. After successfully getting ready for bed without making too much noise, George sat and looked at his phone, waiting for Dream to pop his head in his room. It had become an unspoken habit for the taller to tell him goodnight before he went to sleep. One time George did turn off the lamp on his nightstand and sleep before Dream got a chance to say anything.

Instead of closing the door, he rudely flipped the light on, laughed at George's whining, and made sure to tell him goodnight and thank you. George really doesn't know why the 'thank you' is said every night, but it has become part of the routine.

He didn't have to wait long. After a few minutes, the brit heard light footsteps approach his doorway. Dream slowly opens the door and stands just inside the room, only wearing night pants. The blond's tendency to casually wear no shirt around the house is something George still hasn't gotten used to.

"Goodnight," Dream whisper-yells.

"Night," George says, shutting his phone off and putting it face down next to his bed.

"And thank you, tonight was pretty fun," he admits. "Do you think they like me?"

George can't help but smile. "Of course they do. Didn't you all trade numbers?" Dream smiles and nods. George feels like he's actually accomplished something for once. The fact that Dream didn't really have any friends back at his old home means that it was probably his first time casually hanging out with people his age. It's nice to know that he had enjoyed himself. "And you don't have to keep thanking me, you know." George situates his pillow and then looks back up to the other.

"Yeah I do so thank you, again."

"Whatever," George rolls his eyes. "Go to sleep now."

Dream gently shuts the door and retreats back to his room, just four feet across the hallway.

## Chapter End Notes

uhhhhh i don't got much drama happening rn ima be honest. I got my quackity merch last week and my mom looked at it and went "a duck in the universe? this is what your spending your money on? what the... actually thats kinda cute" HAHBSHGJNDGH i have george and sapnap (and now quackity) hoodies and a dream phone case. ALL OF

THE OTHER ONES SHE COMPLETELY ROASTED.

Sapnap's fire merch: "that looks like something you could have done by hand"

George 4 mil merch: "who the hell is george? your gonna wear this?"

Dream smiley phone case: "you paid for this? you could have drawn it yourself"

AHHAHDG QUACKITY MERCH WINS MOM APPROVAL

also... IM FREE NO MORE ENGLISH TEACHER I JUST HAVE THE FINAL ON  
SUNDAY THEN IM DONE HOLY SHIT I SEE THE LIGHT AT THE END OF  
THE TUNNEL

## Chapter 8

### Chapter Notes

enjoy the chapter :D

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream hasn't been following George around as much as he used to. It's something that George never thought he would be upset about.

'Upset' might be an overstatement. A little dismayed? Slightly agitated? He doesn't really know. But whatever it you want to call it, he doesn't appreciate it.

It's not like Dream is ignoring him, no. He still talks with him, laughs, smiles, and places himself way closer than necessary to George, but it happens less often. What once was Dream walking into George's room uninvited or calling him into his own room whenever he saw him went to the blond spending much of the day with his door closed. Up until recently, Dream very rarely closed his door.

On the off chance that the door is open, Dream stares at him. He doesn't try to hide it either. It's the most intimidating and confusing thing in the world.

The fact that he acts like it's completely normal for him is what's pissing George off the most. He talks to him just the same as he did a week ago as if absolutely nothing has changed at all.

The first day George noticed it was on a Monday, about three weeks since his mom said that Dream could stay with them. He had come back home from school and received a “welcome home” shout from upstairs like normal. He kicked his shoes off by the door before dragging himself up the steps. He glanced into Dream's room as he passed by but before he could turn into his own room he saw the blond hastily tap his screen and swipe away like he'd been caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

And so George's first reaction, like anyone else's, was to suggestively ask what he had been doing. Dream rolled his eyes and got up to follow George into his room, like they do every day. He asked him how his day was, the brunet answer with his usual synonym of 'annoying', and then the blond hummed before leaving to his own room and closing the door.

George took a guess and figured that maybe he was actually doing *something* so, not wanting to think about it, left him the fuck alone and didn't bring it back up.

His first guess didn't seem to be the case since the next day Dream had been in his room again and said hello as George walked past, but never got up to ask him how his day went. They didn't end up speaking until dinner that night, and afterwards the blond went right back to his room. If it were any other day, Dream would have spent every single second possible with George, even if the brunet complained about it.

The process repeated for two days after that. Then Friday rolled around. George had already been suspicious of the other as he walked up to the porch, but even more so after he shut the house door behind him and didn't receive a shout from the top of the stairs. After making it up to his room, he

had found Dream's door to be closed. At that point George was confused more than anything but decided let the other be.

About two hours later Dream popped his head into George's room to check on him, acting like his typical self. He grabbed food from downstairs, and sat on the brit's bed while the other did homework and chatted like everything was completely. Fucking. Normal.

It's something that only happens in the afternoons. Dream still gets up at the same time as George each week day so he can make breakfast and feed the cats. He speaks to him like nothing is wrong and they laugh and talk about whatever shit comes to mind. But for the rest of the day, Dream avoids him. He only said goodnight on Friday since he was already in George's room by the time he started to get ready for bed.

If it were one of his other friends, George would have thrown a fit and asked him what he was doing, but he stayed silent and played along.

Something he regrets.

Because it is currently Saturday, about three in the afternoon, and Dream hasn't said a single word to George. He hasn't even opened his door today. It's not like the blond is sleeping, George can hear when he gets up and walks from his desk to his bed. Plus he almost always wakes up by nine on the weekends.

Knowing the other is awake and has chosen to stay by himself jabs a knife through George's heart. When did he become soft?

In a pathetic attempt to invite the other to simply talk to him, George left his door cracked open all night long – which of course didn't do anything. He waited until noon to go grab something to eat just to make sure Dream didn't want to eat with him. He made as much noise as possible while heating up the slice of cold pizza in the microwave, hoping the other would crack and ask him what he was doing. None of those things happened.

Now George is resorting to starting the conversation first, something he never does. George knocks on the blond's door apprehensively, unsure if he was loud enough after he was met with silence. Just before he could knock again, Dream opens the door.

And he looks exactly how George always pictures him. Blond hair unkempt, small bags under his eyes, and that stupid grin on his face. Normal. The only thing giving the boy standing before him away are his eyes. The crack in the glass, the break in the dam, the dead giveaway.

They read like a book. And the book conveys the emotion of uncertainty.

It's a vague emotion, one that doesn't help George understand what's going on, but it's sure as hell there.

“Hey,” Dream says naturally.

“Hi.” The blond opens his door wider so George can get past. “I was just wondering if you've eaten today?” George inquires as he sits down on the bed next to Patches, giving her a few scratches.

Dream shakes his head from where he stands by the door. “I haven't.”

“Do you wanna like, walk to McDonalds or something?” George's mom would scold him for eating fast food twice in the same week, but she's on the other side of the country right now.

“Normal people like to go outside when the weather is nice, I think.”

Dream laughs. "Sure, let me get dressed real quick."

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The mile long walk was refreshing. Not because of the walking, but because Dream's finally talking to him.

George has been deprived of just talking about anything and everything for the past week. There's never enough time in school to say all that's on his mind to his friends, even if half of it is completely meaningless. Therefore, finally being able to talk to Dream again was relieving.

But the feeling didn't last long. Once they actually sat down at the sticky restaurant tables, the conversation died down. George was convinced that Dream might actually bring everything up first, however he kept to himself and worked his way through a second burger.

At least it isn't dead silent. The loud beeping from behind the counter and chatter from other people is something he would have found annoying but he's thankful for it now.

"Dream," George starts before he can talk himself out of it. Dream looks up, acknowledging him. "Are you alright?"

Dream has the audacity to look confused.

"You've been acting a little different this week," George tries again.

"I'm okay," Dream reassures him, though the brunet doesn't buy it. The atmosphere was thick enough to cut in half.

George reaches out to take a sip of his drink and fuck, why are confrontations so scary? He makes a week attempt to keep his unsteady hands still. "You seem like, I don't know, secretive?" The taller just looks at him. Now if you were to ask George yes, he understands that what he's about to say can be considered guilt tripping, but in his defense, he thinks it's reasonable. "Did I do something to upset you?" He doesn't feel as bad as he could about it since it is an actual fear that has been on his mind, though he wishes it wasn't. "I feel like you've been avoiding me specifically, recently."

Dream's face immediately softens. "I'm sorry," he rushes to say. "I'm not sure that I can explain it," he mumbles under his breath, barely audible. "I promise you did nothing wrong."

And George really hates to admit it, but he cares about him. A lot. "We are friends, right?" He isn't asking because he doesn't know, it's just to get the other to say it.

"Holy shit, of course," Dream says without hesitating. "You're my best friend. I mean it."

"Right," George agrees, "so you can tell me what's on your mind, okay?" He looks at the blond, hoping for him to open up but accepting the fact that he probably won't. Not right now.

"Thank you, it means a lot."

George has never been the best at saying meaningful things, but he tries. There was a time when Sappnap was really going through some shit and the blond had no idea what to say. He does care about his friends despite how cold he can be. He made sure that the black-haired boy knew that and ended up calling him for five hours until he fell asleep that night.

He may not be the best at giving advice, but he can listen and try to comfort.

George nodded and they went back to eating.

The walk home was quiet. Much quieter than the walk over had been. However, George said what needed to be said and honestly, he's kinda proud of himself for it. If anything, it was a good excuse to get Dream up and out of the house.

George hoped that once they got back home, things would be as they were a week ago. And to be fair, Dream did ask if George wanted to hang out in his room for a little bit. But it hurt more than when the blond kept his door closed. The way he asked it seemed forced. It was painful to listen to and George wishes he hadn't offered. But of course, the brunet agrees since it was himself who caused this.

So, they sit and scroll through their phones on Dream's bed, making small talk and occasionally showing one another something stupid on Tik Tok. Just like a week ago, but completely different at the same time.

The fact that Dream approached him after George practically told him to made his chest hurt. Dream swore that it wasn't something that the other did, yet he doesn't want to spend time with him anymore? There has to be something that he's done.

And then that's a whole new thought. What did he do wrong? George has done so much for him yet the other doesn't feel comfortable around him. He brought him into his home, fed him and gave him a place to stay. He kept a huge fucking secret from his mother and even when she found out, convinced her to let Dream stay.

He went with him to face his freak of a mom and helped him move in with them. But apparently he's done something to make Dream not want to be around him anymore. It's a terrible thought and he can't seem to distract himself from it.

The feeling settles in his chest and stays. It's an unwelcome visitor that is continuously plaguing his mind.

Yet George can't decide on exactly why it bothers him so much. Part of him knows it's because he genuinely enjoys talking to Dream, but it feels like there's so much more. Dream would act like he was the best thing to exist but now he's closed himself off and doesn't want to talk. The more his mind wonders, the more he decides he doesn't want to think about it.

"I am going to go take a nap," George blurts out.

Dream gives him a funny look. "I know you like sleeping but you never take naps," he chuckles.

The shorter offers a strained laugh and shrugs, quickly walking out of the room. He doesn't know why he thought taking nap would be a good idea. The second he collapses onto his bed, he has nothing else except for the whole ordeal to think about. George doesn't bother to change his clothes as he sprawls out on top of the covers.

He hasn't even known the boy for two months yet he already means so much to him. He fucking craves his attention and he hates it. So what if Dream decides to spend a little less time with him? It shouldn't matter, he convinces himself.

The dampness just under his eyes, which he will not call 'crying', seems to have done something for him since before he knows it, he wakes up and it's dark out his window. A glance at the clock tells him that he slept for about four hours and he's probably screwed up his sleep schedule now. Not that it matters much since he could sleep for days if his mom let him.

He would have changed his clothes and gone right back to sleep if it weren't for the empty bottle on his nightstand. Waking up in the middle of the night without water is arguably one of the worst feelings. Deciding that his self waking up at 3 am will thank him, George drags himself out of bed and grabs the empty bottle on his way up.

He opens his door and instead of seeing a door cracked open with Dream lazily scrolling on his phone inside, he sees the white wooden door shut with a dim light seeping from underneath. He makes it downstairs in the dark and flips on the kitchen light, blinking multiple times from the brightness.

Ollie practically gives him a heart attack. He is sitting on the counter, where he shouldn't be, and staring intently at George while slowly swishing his tail. He knows he shouldn't be up there.

"Ollie," George groans and goes to the sink to refill the plastic bottle. Once he's done, he gracelessly picks the cat up who protests by squirming for a second before giving up and going limp. "Time for bed." The brunet struggles to turn the lights off with his hands full but eventually succeeds in the end.

George makes it back upstairs, only tripping over one step which caused Ollie to grab onto his shoulder with his front claws for dear life. He really just wanted to make it to his room so the attack on his shoulder blade would stop but of course the universe has other plans.

As he passes by the closer door, George catches faint, muffled speaking. He can barely hear what's being said since Dream is speaking so softly, but he can hear the scratchy static noise coming from his phone. *Who is he calling?*

He doesn't want to eavesdrop but curiosity gets the best of him. It's not like he can hear his full sentences anyway. "I know but I can't just..." The rest of the sentence is inaudible so George leans a little closer to the door. "... why I left." His heart drops. "... haven't told him yet..."

And George would have stayed and listened for a bit longer if it weren't for the certain animal throwing a tantrum and trying desperately to escape his arms. He takes the last few steps to get into his room and leans over to put Ollie down who all but jumps away from him. George closes the door behind him and figures it's best he didn't stick around. He'd just end up feeling even more bitter.

He sighs and sets his water down on the nightstand before changing his clothes, heart pounding in his ears. Maybe napping early wasn't such a bad idea. With all the anxiety-driven thoughts flying around in his brain, he doubts he will be able to sleep now.

## Chapter End Notes

I don't have any like, actual drama, but still a coupLE thiNgs to talk aboUt. you guys are like my therapists its lovely

ENGLISH TEACHER IS OFFICIALLY GONE WEE WOO I TOOK FINAL AND ENDED UP DOING GOOD AND FINISHING WITH 81% I BARELY MADE IT PARENTS WANT 80+ LMAOAO

now i just have french.. i am like 99% sure i mentioned this in my other fic bc i did the same exact thing for my first semester but I have a due date of june 10th and have n o

n e of it done so UHOH

also im nervous D: i have to go to doctors tmrw to talk abt my anxiety. we are planning to visit relatives but that means i have to get on a plane and i HATE PLANES even tho ive been on over fifty i will have a panic attack lmao. so we gotta see if they can give me me medicine so i pass out like a fucking dog LMAO only issue is i dont know how to swallow pills HAHSHGAJHD

did you need to know any of that? no. but i now nominate you guys as my venting (LMAO SUS) group or something idk what to call you BUT ILY YOU ALL have a good night/day <3



## Chapter 9

### Chapter Notes

no idea if ive assigned an eye color to Ollie yet, if i have lmk lmao

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sunday was better, to put it simply.

George ended up fall asleep late the night before, therefore sleeping in until about noon. Dream woke him up the next day to which the brunet was only mildly pissed about. The taller sat at his desk chair for a few minutes until the other was fully awake and then made sure he apologized for his weird behavior the past few days.

He seemed genuinely sorry about it. George was still upset, however he didn't have the heart to tell him that, especially when Dream knitted his eyebrows together, expression conveying nothing but guilt and worry.

The small bits of conversation George overheard from the night before were still fresh in his mind, but as the day progressed his brain thought of many reasonable explanations before deciding that Dream was probably talking to his sister. He isn't sure if she knew why Dream left in the first place, but it's only understandable if she gets to know before George does.

George never brought it up that day. Weather it was the fear of confrontation itself or being given a strange look for listening in on private conversations, it didn't matter. They were on good terms. It was awkward but he'll take it any day over their previous interactions this week.

The rest of the weekend was spent joking around, throwing light-hearted insults, and fucking around on video games. In the rare moments where they spent time by themselves, Dream kept his door wide open. George decides it's much nicer to see the other lying lazily on his bed with his phone propped up on his chest and neck bent awkwardly than the blank, closed door that seemed to mock him.

So, in other words, Sunday was good. Almost good enough to make everything blow over completely. But, of course, nothing is that easy. Because right when George is about to start his journey back home from school the next day, everything comes crashing back down.

“Oh, George,” Sappnap says, turning back around before opening the car door. Karl is already in the passenger seat, impatiently waiting for his chauffeur to drive him home. “We should add your boyfriend to the group chat.”

George raises an eyebrow and completely ignores the title given to Dream, knowing they just want to get a reaction out of him. “You think so?”

“We all get along,” Sappnap offers. Quackity hums in agreement from beside the brit. “I asked him if he wanted in and he seemed to like the idea.”

George scoffs. “When was this? He should have just asked me,” he smiles.

“We called on... Saturday I think it was?” Sappnap thinks for a second before opening the driver

side door. "Yeah Saturday."

"Wait, Saturday night?"

"Yeah, he said you were being a baby and went to sleep early so he didn't want to bother you with it," he laughs and starts up the old car.

Dream was calling Sapnap that night. So he's the one Dream is sharing his stupid little secrets with. Someone who the blond hasn't even talked to that much, not compared to George. It's a discovery that George would have loved to live without.

He manages to let out an "oh" in response before crossing the parking lot, Quackity hot at his heels. The boy in the beanie's going on about something 'fucking wild' that happened in English class but George is only listening to half his story.

The other side of his brain can't seem to pick between anger and some bleak, self-pitying emotion.

Once parting with his now slightly confused friend, George follows the routine path home in autopilot. With each step he takes, the feeling of irritation replaces the one of bitter. He crosses the street and approaches the dumbass train tracks, already thinking of exactly what to say once he got home.

In an act of anger, he makes an attempt to kick at the chain link fence that's peeled back from the post. It's the very same cut out part that he entered alone and left with a stranger what seems like ages ago. There wasn't a lot of force behind the kick, he just decided to do it, only wanting to hear the rattling noise afterwards. So when he ends up missing by a long shot and hitting the more solid, metal pole square on, it only fuels the fire.

George slowly exhales and shoves closed, pale hands into his pocket. The few minutes it takes to get from the train tracks to his house were not enough for him to calm down, but enough for little half circle indents to form on the palms of his hands. Something like nervousness sprouts from his stomach as he walks up his porch, knowing the rather intense conversation he and the unsuspecting blond boy upstairs were about to have.

He shoves the feeling down as he opens the front door and makes sure to slam it behind him. Hard. The thin windows surrounding the door rattle with the force and George winces when Ollie springs up from his spot on the couch. The cat looks at him like he's just caused the third world war before trotting off.

Dream appears at the top of the steps, obviously at a loss after hearing the door.

"George," Dream says, lips forming a skittish smile. "Bad day?"

"No." George aggressively takes off his shoes and anyone watching might have been tempted to laugh if it weren't for the uncomfortable mood. "It was splendid, actually," he snaps sarcastically.

Dream laughs shakily, unsure of what to say as George walks up the steps and passes him, never sparing a glance. He drops his backpack on the floor by the end of his bed and turns around, hands resting on his hips as he waits for Dream to emerge in the doorway.

Eventually, golden eyes peer from around the door frame and approach him slowly, never getting very close. "What's wrong?" George clenches his jaw. There's a few awkward seconds of silence before Dream tries again. "Do you wanna talk about it?"

"Do *you* want to talk about it?"

Dream gives him a puzzled look. "Well, I'm not sure what's bothering you, but you can tell me." The blond fiddles with the hem of his white t-shirt that he looks stupidly hot in. *Not now*, George scolds himself. "Like you said the other day, we are friends," Dream says. "You can tell me anything."

George smiles inwardly at the wonderful opportunity that the other has presented to him. "We are?" He tilts his head to the side, knowing he's already found the perfect basis for an argument.

Dream seems taken aback. "Well yeah, we just talked-"

"Really?" Dream shuts up, most likely realizing that he has something to do with George's anger. "Really Dream? How the fuck do you expect me to tell you something when you don't tell me shit?" The other makes no moves to speak up. "Instead you go and tell fucking Sapnap." George wished his voice would sound angrier, more resentful, like it had in his head, however the rage he felt earlier is steadily being replaced with a dull ache from the pit of his stomach.

"What exactly are you talking about?" The taller phrases it as a question, but its pretty clear he has somewhat of an idea.

"Don't play dumb with me," George spits almost softly, voice threatening to crack. He's never been able to argue properly without getting worked up. Usually he can throw a few insults before his eyes start to sting but apparently today's different. "I overheard you talking on the phone the other night with Sap."

Dream's face whitens. "What did you hear?" George wants to laugh wryly because that doesn't sound suspicious at all.

"I couldn't hear very well," he admits, glancing down at the floor, fire only smoldering now. "Something about not telling 'him', which was obviously referring me. I think you told him why you left too," George says quietly. Dream lets his hands sway slightly at his sides. "You're keeping secrets from me." He breathes in unsteadily. "It hurts." His eyes feel hot now. No, he's not crying. Yet. But he still brings a hand up to his face out of nervous habit. "You obviously were before this week since you never wanted to tell me why you left, which I was okay with. I wanted to know but I understood why you wouldn't want to tell me."

George paces over to his bed and sits on the corner, feet planted on the floor. The bed creaks beneath his weight, offering some noise other than his heart pounding against his rib cage.

"But then you went and told Sapnap. Before me." His throat is starting to feel heavy. "It really hurts, Dream." He bites at his bottom lip as if it will help stop the unavoidable. "Do you not trust me?" Dream hasn't moved from his spot by the door. He doesn't say anything, but his eyes search George's face, concern written all over his features. "After everything I've done for you, do you not trust me?"

George swallows the lump at the back of his throat and he is almost impressed that he can keep his voice this even. "I know I can be a dick sometimes, and I tend to act kinda uncaring, but that's just how I am." Brown eyes meet lighter ones. "I care about you more than it may seem like and it makes me feel terrible that you trust someone who you've spent, maybe, half a day with in total over me."

"George I- Don't say it like that," Dream finally speaks up, voice gentle as if it would make George feel better. It has the opposite effect. The brunet gives him time to speak up, explain, say anything, but he doesn't.

“That's all you have to say?” George throws his head back, looking at the ceiling for a moment then back at Dream who looks unhappy to say the least. “I've done so much for you. I helped you when you needed it the most and I trusted you.” George is pleasantly surprised with his ability to sound mad again. “It wasn't easy letting some random person sleep over, you know!”

“George.” It looks like he's trying to hold his tongue but George wants him to argue back. “I'm sorry, okay? It's difficult to explain and-”

“Well apparently it isn't too hard to explain to Sapnap, now is it?”

“That's unfair,” Dream says, pinching the bridge of his nose.

He gives the taller a bewildered look. “How? You're the one who doesn't tell me shit.”

“And you wonder why!” George has never heard him genuinely yell before and he's suddenly taking back his statement on wanting the other to argue. “You sit there and wonder why I don't want to tell you stuff when this is how you act.”

“What? When have I ever 'acted' like this? What the hell is that supposed to mean?”

Upon realizing that his argument didn't make much sense, Dream changes the subject, much to George's smugness. “Just because you've done all of these things for me doesn't mean you're fucking entitled to know everything about me,” he flares.

George gapes at him. “You think I act entitled because I'm upset that my friend doesn't want to tell me shit? That's only half of it. That isn't the argument we are having smartass.” The brunet waves his arms around as if it will help prove his points. “I'm asking why you don't trust me, Dream. Why'd you have to go talk to someone else when I'm right across the hall!”

Dream clenches his jaw. “What do you want me to say?” George just looks at the taller as he lets out a frustrated groan and runs a hand through slightly wavy, light brown hair. “I should have stayed at that fucking gas station,” he grumbles purposefully loud enough for the other to hear.

“You ungrateful asshole!” George pushes himself off the bed and takes a step in Dream's direction, hot anger running through his veins. “How could you even say that? You'd probably be dead without me!”

“Oh, you're right George,” Dream rolls his eyes snarkily. “What do you want me to do, get down on my knees for you?” George stares at him, unsure of the exact implications but it doesn't matter.

“I want you to apologize and explain to me what's going on,” he tries again.

“What should I say sorry for?” The blond looks down at him, making it clear it was a rhetorical question. “I'm sorry that you're so fucking sensitive that you get worked up when I don't tell you something?” Dream takes a step closer to him and George doesn't move, trying to process what he's just heard. When did they move to insulting each other? “Look, now you've gone silent.” Dream waves an arm in his direction. “I'm sorry that you act like you couldn't give two shits about anything but in reality you're a little self-conscious child who can't handle his emotions.”

George is shocked and barely has any time to blink before the other continues. “I'm sorry that you get hurt easily over stupid shit that doesn't even concern you.” The brit feels the familiar sting at the back of his eyes, again, and hates that he's about to further prove Dream's point. “So George, I'm sorry that you're upset that I chose Sapnap over you.”

“Chose Sapnap over you,” George repeats. What a lovely way to put it. He knows that it was said

in the heat of the moment and Dream most likely didn't mean it like that, but it hurt none the less.

There's one, two, then three seconds of silence before George drops the eye contact to wipe his eyes. He hears Dream let out a long sigh and watched through the crack between his hands covering his face as socked feet slowly approach.

"I- George," Dream never got to finish. The second he put his hand on the other's shoulder, George popped his head back up and whacked it away.

"It's fine." George stares past the other at the blank wall as the other slowly retracts his hand.

"No, it's not," he insists, tone softer than it's been all day. He can hear the regret in Dream's voice, so much so that it makes him want to apologize himself. "George, I'm sorry, I didn't mean-"

"Just stop." George keeps his left hand up by his cheek, wiping away tears that probably weren't there at this point, while his other hand waves Dream off dismissively. "Go tell it to Sapnap," he says spitefully.

Dream looks like he's having a internal battle before deciding to listen for once and hesitantly backs away from him, turning and leaving for his own room. George hears the soft click of the door across the hall shutting and exhales.

Interesting turn of events, he supposes. George feels a little guilty about roping Sapnap into all this even if the black-haired boy doesn't know it. He's only mad at Dream, not the other. It will be weird to face him later, though. At this point the tears have stopped but his vision is a little blurry from all the rubbing.

He turns around and looks down at his backpack he dropped haphazardly by the foot of his bed. Shaky hands grab at the rough fabric and turn the bag right side up. He has to fumble around for a moment which further upsets him before finding the zipper and tugging it open.

As much as he would love to spend the rest of the day moping, he has homework. He reads the pages and copies down things that look important, never actually retaining the information. As he blindly goes through his work, Ollie enters his room and it looks like he's forgiven George for waking him up.

He should be annoyed when the cat climbs onto his desk and sits on top of the pages sprawled out on the smooth wood. Instead, George finds himself smiling sadly at him and giving him scratches.

Ollie doesn't know that something is wrong.

Or maybe he does. George likes to think that he understand him and knows when something is upsetting him. Who knows. Maybe he's trying to cheer him up. Regardless, the soft purrs Ollie makes when the brunet rubs behind his ears are definitely improving his mood and he's thankful for that.

"Thank you, Ollie," he mumbles. The cat stares up at him, ice colored eyes peering into his soul and George should probably be intimidated by the act but he finds himself laughing. "You're being all sweet because you know you shouldn't be up here."

He allows himself to pet the cat a little longer before coaxing him down from the desk and getting back to work.

George hates Mondays now more than ever.

## Chapter End Notes

i had to add the "get down on my knees" line i remember seeing the clip a long time ago BUT I THINK IT FITS LOL

my internet has been absolute shit recently idk why but its pissing me off every ten minutes i get disconnected from stuff im about ready to throw hands.

i dont think theres any drama BUT i have a koi betta who sits in his tank next to my computer on my desk and he acted dead for the past week or so ITS BC MY MOTHER UNPLUGGED HIS HEATER I FEEL TERRIBLE I PLUGGED IT BACK IN AND HES FINE NOW BUT OMF I WOULD HAVE BEEN DEVASTATED. he also has a broken fin idk what he did hes fine but looks like a frog when he swims its so funny LMAO

crisis averted my brothers

# Chapter 10

## Chapter Notes

### AYO 300 KUDOS TYSM

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George would be lying if he said he wasn't hungry.

The plate of eggs and bacon sit on the counter, inviting him to take a seat and eat. Dream is no where in site meaning he must have gotten up even earlier than normal to cook for himself and George before retreating back to his room. The smell of bacon is tempting but George is what you could call petty.

He forces himself to turn in the opposite direction and head toward the front door, backpack slung over his shoulder. He's probably going to regret not eating. He's been used to having breakfast for a while now and when his stomach growls just seconds after getting to school, he knows it's going to be a long day.

Luckily his mom got home late the night before so they didn't have to sit together at dinner. He isn't sure how it's going to go tonight but to say he's anxious would be an understatement. He doesn't want to talk to Dream, not right now, but he isn't sure how long he will be able to go without the other constantly nagging him about something.

The blond has grown on him.

Right now he's angry at him, however he misses his presence. There's something endearing about the way Dream does his stupid little grin whenever he walks by George. His chuckle that can quickly escalate into a concerning wheezing fit never fails to make him smile. Even the unnecessary touching he is starting to miss. He doesn't like the fact that he has none of that right now, but he isn't going to drop this whole thing either. Not without an apology.

He catches sight of his friends huddled around Karl's locker and makes a straight path towards them. All three look up to greet him as he approaches, but George ignores them and whispers to Sapnap that he needs to talk to him before practically dragging him by his backpack down the hallway. The others are probably staring confusedly right now.

Sapnap stumbles a behind George and shoves his hand off him before catching up next to him. "Dude, what the fuck?" The slightly taller boy was clearly agitated. "Where are we going and why?"

"The restroom," George mumbles as he turns down the hallway and weaves between sweaty bodies. "And I already told you, I need to talk to you."

"Did I do something wrong?"

The brunet turns and glares at him. "Just shut up, I'll explain in a second." He vaguely hears Sapnap mumble an insult under his breath behind him as he pushes open the far too heavy bathroom door. Once inside, George bends down to look under the stalls and upon seeing that no

one was there, turns back to his friend. "I want you to tell me what you talked about on the phone with Dream."

Sapnap deadpans. "You what?"

"Saturday night, you called Dream and talked about who knows what. Tell me."

"You dragged me all the way over here just to ask me that?" Sapnap chuckles, no longer looking frustrated and leans back against the cheap counter "Let's see," he pretends to think, "Well, I told him some embarrassing things you did in ceramics class last year."

"Why the hell would you tell- that's not what I want to know!" George tries his best to look somewhat intimidating but knows he's failing when Sapnap's grin widens. "I overheard part of the conversation when I walked down the hall. He's telling you something that he won't tell me."

"And you want me say it." George nods. "It would be kinda fucked up if I told you and you know it." He does.

"I just want to know what is so important that he trusts *you* more than me."

Sapnap shakes his head. "That's not true, he definitely trusts you more." George was about to protest but the other shushes him and continues. "I'm not lying. He told me instead of you because he didn't care if, for whatever reason, I hated him for it." George wants to know what 'it' is so badly it's making his head hurt. "He said that he appreciates my help but if shit went down because of what he had to say he couldn't give a fuck," he shakes his head in amusement. "I still can't tell you, though."

That's encouraging but it's not enough. "So you're keeping secrets from me too?"

Sapnap shrugs. "I wouldn't say it like that... but yeah I guess so." George really wants to hit him over the head for that one. Sapnap gives him a pointed look. "What? You would do the same too." As much as the Brit would like to argue, he has him there. "Listen, I can't tell you exactly what it is, but I'll tell you this much."

George immediately focuses on what the other is about to say and should feel some sort of disappointment in himself – for caring this much and for making Sapnap tell him, even if it isn't the full truth.

"I don't know what excuse he's been giving you, but he's scared."

"Scared? Of what? Me?" George sighs. "He keeps saying that it's 'difficult to explain'."

Sapnap has the audacity to fucking laugh. "I guess that's true too." He pushes himself up off the counter so he's standing up straight. "He's not scared of you, per say, just of what you will think." George lets that simmer, trying to comprehend what he just heard. "Anyways, why are you bringing this up now?"

"We fought over it yesterday," George admits. He still doesn't know exactly what's going on, but based on what Sapnap has told him he feels bad for going after Dream. It technically isn't his fault since he didn't know this much, but he still regrets it. It doesn't change the fact that Dream said some hurtful things, though. "I kept asking him why he trusted you more than me and long story short it escalated into an argument. All last week he avoided me and now I haven't seen him since the time we fought." It stings a little bit to talk about yet he's glad he can get it off his chest. It most likely won't help the dull pain go away, but it's still nice.



Sapnap stares, seemingly thinking of what to do next. "I can't help you that much, but I can try to offer some advice," he says. "It's obvious that whatever happened in that argument is tearing you up inside, so I would find a way to apologize and talk it over." Its a reasonable suggestion, yet a very intimidating one. "Then let things sit for a while. I doubt he'll want to talk about it right away and you're just going to have to accept that. Don't try and force it out of him."

George wants to groan and tell Sapnap how unhelpful he is but that would be far from the truth. Instead he settles on giving him a quick hug because, deep down, he is extremely grateful for him. "Thank you," he mumbles whole heartily.

"Of course." Sapnap pulls away and smiles. "What's up with you? You must be head over heels for him. You don't usually act this concerned."

"Don't say that," George laughs.

The rest of the day moves by in a blur and for once, George wishes it didn't. Now he has to go home which is usually the highlight of his day, but these are special circumstances. Not only does he have a most likely upset Dream to awkwardly avoid, but also his mother.

She wasn't there right away, not getting off from work until right before their normal dinner time, but when she did get home the two boys put on a whole fucking play.

It's impressive, really. They both silently agree to act as if nothing was wrong. It may not have been a flawless, Shakespearean playwright, but it was an attempt. Surely that's worth something.

"So, what did I miss today?" George's mom asks as she readjusts her chair.

"Nothing exciting," George says through a mouthful of salad that he rather not eat given the choice. "School was boring, as always." They all sit around the oval-shaped dining table, both George and Dream at the far ends facing one another while Ms. Davies sits between them.

"You always say that," she says. "I used to love school." George scoffs, unable to imagine the thought of liking a giant building full of body odor and hormones. "You boys were awfully quiet when I got home."

The blond takes a sip of water and George catches when golden eyes flicker up to him then back down at his plate. It's the first time George is seeing him since yesterday and the bits of guilt are still present on his face.

"Long day," the brunet shrugs. "I was pretty tired once I got back."

"Should have eaten this morning," Dream finally speaks up as he stabs at his piece of fish. "Probably would have had more energy." He stares at George from under his way too attractive hair and brings the fork up to his mouth, chewing slowly as he waits for a response.

George's mom looks up. "Well no wonder why," she smiles obliviously.

"I wasn't very hungry." The brit looks from his mom over to the blond. "Plus I was in a hurry to talk to Sapnap about something." It's George turn to look back down at his plate, but he can see the way Dream tenses and lifts his head up ever so slightly out of the corner of his eye.

"What about? Did something happen?" Even though its his mom asking, Dream is the one who looks more curious.

George shakes his head. "No, I just had a question about math." He looks up and makes eye

contact with the boy across from him. "He took the test before me," he says, more to Dream than his mother.

"Sapnap's nice," Dream says simply, trying to hide his panicked look. "Did he help?" They're not talking about math.

"I guess so." George leans back in his chair and gazes at his mom then back to Dream. "He didn't give me the answers but I understand it a little better now." It's sort of like a confession, in a way, and Dream seems to understand, humming and choosing to stay focused on his almost empty plate.

"I'm glad," his mom says. "You know, I've never been good at math either." She goes on and on about what school was like "back in her day" and George tunes her out for the most part, offering a light laugh here and there as if he were following along. Normally he would sit and listen to her, not necessarily agree with her, but instead he chooses to focus on the silent conversation him and Dream are having.

It's a confusing one and George tries his best to make out the details of it. To an outsider it probably looked like a staring contest. Dream looks upset and in all honesty, it makes George feel the same way. He's still mad, there was no reason for the blond to go off on him like that, but he knows it wasn't intended.

How the hell is he supposed to bring it up? It's not like neither of them forgot about it, it's very clear that it's the opposite, so it shouldn't be that difficult to bring up. But George likes to make things more complicated than normal.

Should he apologize first?

He is the one who started everything in the first place. It's also probably a little sketchy that he only figured this out by overhearing a private conversation. If anything he's probably made Dream want to trust him less. *Great.* George groans, out loud apparently since his mom stops her babbling to look at him.

"What's wrong."

"Ah nothing," George says and stands up. "I'm just tired." He grabs his empty plate as well as his mom's who finished eating by now and thanks her for dinner as he makes his way into the kitchen to set the utensils by the sink. George hears someone push their chair back and judging by their footsteps, it's Dream.

He rushes to rinse the plates off before putting them in the dishwasher, aware that Dream is standing very close to him. He hasn't looked up from his task at hand but he can quite literally feel the heat emitting from his body.

When he turns back to wipe his hands off on the towel, prepared to dodge the taller to reach it, Dream tugs at his rolled up sleeve. George carefully looks up at him, hoping his mom wasn't watching because whatever he is about to say isn't going to be their normal joke or playful insult.

He wasn't ready for Dream to lean downwards and talk *this* close to his ear. "Can you stay for a second?" The blond backs away, cold air replacing the warmth of Dream's breath on the right side of George's head. When George simply stares back at him and forgets to talk, Dream mouths a 'please' making the brunet nod mutely.

George steps backwards and lets the other wash off his plate while trying not to think about the unreasonably small distance they had just shared. Shortly after he is following Dream up the steps

and past his mom who doesn't seem to suspect anything.

He's surprised when Dream takes a right turn and enters George's room. It's nothing unusual for them to both hang out in his room, he just doesn't want to be here in this situation. Dream's the one who has to leave in order for the conversation to be over. If they were in the other room, George could simply walk out if he didn't want to deal with whatever is about to go down.

The taller flips the lights on and shuts the door behind them. Now George is definitely feeling anxious. He sits cross legged on his bed while Dream pulls out his desk chair and swivels it around to face him.

"I just want to say that I'm sorry," Dream starts, fidgeting with his hands and looking anywhere except for the British boy in front of him. The mild confidence he had downstairs seems to be completely washed away now. "I didn't mean it and I got ahead of myself. I shouldn't have said those things."

It's pitiful. He can hear the honesty in his voice and it makes his heart sink. It's a simply apology but it's good enough for George. He knows the feeling of genuinely regretting and feeling bad for saying something. It's more upsetting to hear him apologize than what he actually said.

"No it's okay, we both-"

Dream waves a hand and shushes him, knowing what the other was about to say. "No no, it's not. Yes, we were both arguing, but you never brought anything personal up about me. It was uncalled for. I'm sorry."

"Please don't stress over it, I forgive you." George wasn't expecting to get over it this quickly but he's not complaining. "I tried to force you to say shit and kind of jumped to conclusions and stuff... so yeah."

Dream looks up from his lap and laughs. "'So yeah'," he mocks. "Really?"

And George is so fucking relieved to hear the other laugh.

He can't stop the smile that forms on his face. "Shut up, I'm bad at this. It's much easier to argue than it is to say sorry."

Dream smiles fondly. "You are forgiven," he says in a terrible English accent. George was about to reprimand him but the other stands up and walks closer to the bed. "Can I have a hug?" George looks up at him, furrowing his brows. "What? You have to hug it out, ya know?" He chuckles and opens his arms.

"We already forgave each other," the brunet says but stands up none the less. George slowly wraps around him until he's grabbing lightly at the back of Dream's shirt. One of Dream's hands makes it to George's upper back while the other rests in dark brown hair.

The action makes George tense up for a second because surely this is way too intimate, but soon enough he's relaxing in the other's grasp. He decides it's better than their first hug. It was awkward while they were sitting down, but this seems much more natural.

"I'm sorry," Dream says again.

"I already told you, it's alright," George mumbles into his shoulder. "Stop apologizing. Otherwise I will have to un-forgive you."

Dream hums lowly and begins to move his fingers through chocolate locks. George is glad he can't see his face right now, positive it would be a bright shade of red that even he would be able to notice.

## Chapter End Notes

HAPPY PRIDE MONTH WEE WOOO - i am terrible at comforting people in any way, shape, or form, however let it be known that my comments are a safe place for all you lovely people :]

okay and drama:

i cant remember what I told you guys last time and im too lazy to check BUT i had busy weekend last week (i think.. i literally cant rmbr help) ANYWAYS here is a little fact about me that i didnt want to say out of fear ppl would know me but if im vague no one will notice (hopefully)- I COMPETE AND RIDE HORSIES

now im gonna try and explain this the best i can. we took my horse to horse show and we decided to keep her there overnight so she could relax a little and then we dont have to trailer her there and back more than necessary. anyways we get there and i walk into giant barn with horsie and THIS LADY TOOK OUR FUCKING STALL

some of yall probably like 'big deal stfu' NO WE PAID FOR THAT AND SHE LIKE GOT RID THE PIECE OF PAPER WITH ALL MY HORSES INFO AND SAID THAT THE FRONT OFFICE MOVED US (lying bitch) but I was nice and like okay its fine and so she shows me to 'our stall' BITCH THERES OLD HAY AND SHIT IN THERE LIKE ITS SOMEONE ELSE

i made mom walk to front office bc i was holding pony and we got new stall which i was happy about because then my horse could look outside at all the other horses instead of inside at tHAT OLD WRINKLY WOMAN :D no one cares but horsie and i completely kicked ass both days so proud of her

ALSO IM SO HAPPY (AND NERVOUS) I GET TO SEE FRIEND TMRW its been months due to covid. I'm home schooled but I still have access to campus if I want to go so i get to see her tmrw HEHE YAY

I hope you all are doing well!! get some rest and for most of you, school is almost over!! <3

# Chapter 11

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Needless to say, George is thrilled to have his best friend back. He's given himself a stern talking to and has decided that he will not bring up anything else from now on, and instead wait until Dream comes to him. It will be difficult to not think about constantly, but now that he has a little inside information from Sapnap, he understands a little better.

He still feels guilty even though Dream accepted his half-assed apology, however he's not brave enough to say sorry, which he didn't even do in the first place, again. Unlike Dream.

The blond has no issue with constantly letting George know he regrets what he said. Verbally and through actions, meaning he's even more clingy than he was before. What used to be little, subtle touches here and there grew into a constant presence.

Dream's fingers would no longer brush his side or leg when they sat down, instead they remained there and pressed into him. It's not like it was extremely obvious, anyone watching would have thought that Dream just *happened* to drop his hand down a certain way which *happened* to be touching George's arm or leg and he just *happened* to be too lazy to move it.

George knows it's not an accident.

When Dream shifts and releases the small skin contact they had, he recreates it in one way or another. Maybe it's moving his legs so they touch or leaning closer to George to show him something and then never moving back.

At first it made George bubble with hot nervousness and although he tried to hide it, he's almost positive Dream realized. That didn't mean that he hated it, though. Now he's grown more used to it. His heart beat picks up and goes back to normal in under five minutes, no longer the entire duration of the Dream's gifted physical contact.

It still makes him shiver when the other gets up and shifts, removing the touch and having George wish he never left.

Not that it has anything to do with their current situation.

As to who's idea it was, he isn't sure, but George currently sits at his and his friends' routine lunch table outside, sweating lightly under the sun – a normal day, except this time Dream is sitting right across from him.

The second George got out of his last class before lunch, he received a text from Dream, telling him to come rescue him by the front gate. George didn't believe that the other was actually on campus, but he went and looked anyways.

To his surprise Dream had actually put on a shirt and something other than sweatpants and stood by the steps. George laughed when he realized what he meant by 'rescue'. There was already some chick he's never seen before talking and batting her eyelashes while Dream fumbled with the straps of his bag.

Upon noticing George, the boy practically ran towards him and whispered for him to get him out of there.

If he had to take a guess, it was probably Quackity's idea. The second Dream got to the lunch table, Quackity hovered around him and eventually the blond pulled out a large bag of potato chips from his backpack which were exchanged for five bucks; overpriced but any of them would pay a shit ton for anything other than the food offered at the cafeteria.

“Did you steal my money to buy those?” George gestures to the bag of chips being held protectively by Quackity. Only Dream was allowed to take some since he brought them.

“I should have,” he laughs. “But no, I didn't.”

George looks at him accusingly. “How did you get money?”

“I brought all my money with me when we took stuff from my old house.” George tries to think through that day but the only vivid memory is of his terrifying mother. Dream stands up halfway so he can take the wallet out of his back pocket and tosses it in George's direction.

He turns it over and runs a finger along the small engraved smiley face in the bottom corner. George knows nothing about wallets, he doesn't even have one, always favoring to throw his money at the bottom of his backpack, but the little leather folder looks pretty expensive.

He flips it open and finds a good chunk of money that he probably shouldn't be carrying around with him and his drivers license. The photo is from about a year ago. Dream's face is practically the same, maybe just a bit more of a defined jawline now. His hair, on the other hand, was shorter in comparison to the longer, unkempt style he sports today.

George thinks he looks good either way, but the hair that reaches just past his eyebrows when its wet is definitely the winner.

Instead of voicing that thought, he looks up at Dream curiously. “I didn't know you could drive.” He passes the wallet back to its owner.

Dream shrugs. “I mean, it's not like I have a car anyway.”

“You could take Ms. Davies' car when she's away,” Sapnap says from beside Dream. George's mom, for whatever reason, is pretty lenient when it comes to the blond. She would probably let him drive it if he asked. “You could go and take George on a nice little date sometime.” Dream smiles but eyes the boy next to him wearily.

Karl puts down his energy drink and rests a hand on George's back. “And then George would confess his secret love for you and then you two live happily ever after.”

George brushes the hand off of himself. “Sure,” he says sarcastically.

“Perfect!” Sapnap looks at Dream. “There you go, he even agreed.”

“I did not,” the brunet scoffs.

Quackity remains silent as he watches the show before him, working his way through the family sized bag of salt and carbs.

“Aw, come on George,” Karl says and brings his arm back up, this time draping it across George's shoulders. “Why not?” Dream smirks at him from across the table inquisitively as if he's the one who asked. “You texted me the other day all flustered about how Dream walks around the house shirtless. I would have thought-”

“Karl!” Before George could slap him, the other brunet shies away, laughing at his reaction.

“I’d love to go into great detail on what he said, however I should probably get to class.” Karl stands up and Sapnap follows him. “Just text me Dream, I have the screenshots.”

George snaps his head over to Dream. “Do not.”

The blond laughs and begins to take out his phone. “I may have to now, I’m curious.” George scowls. “What exactly is it about me being shirtless that makes you embarrassed?”

“It doesn’t make me embarrassed,” George insists as he gets up from the crappy metal bench.

“Okay, what about it makes you flustered?” Dream moves his thumb across the screen of his phone and from where George is standing, he can see that he’s pulling up Karl’s contact.

“Nothing.” If George were to answer honestly, it’s how incredibly hot he looks. He can’t explain why, there really isn’t anything special about him, yet most days he can’t take his eyes off Dream. Good thing he’s never been one to tell the full truth. “Don’t believe everything Karl says.”

Dream laughs and stands up as well, ignoring the statement. “Is it how good I look?” George shakes his head. “It has to be. Are my abs too much for you to handle?”

“You don’t have abs. Stop talking,” the brit says and turns around so he’s facing Quackity who’s reluctantly rolling up his bag of chips and shoving it in his back pack. “Quackity and I have to go to class too. I would get out of here before the bell rings.”

“Why?” George faces Dream once more who looks confused. “Quackity said I can go to class with you.”

George glances at the raven who’s looking down at his phone, trying to look innocent but failing miserably with the wide grin on his face. “So it was your idea.”

“Doesn’t matter,” Quackity laughs and puts his phone away. “He can at least come to history with us. That teacher is too old to notice shit.”

George sighs and when he looks back at Dream he’s met with hopeful eyes. It’s almost impossible to say no. “Fine, but if you get caught I have nothing to do with it,” he says as he passes by, poking his finger into his chest. Admittedly he’s pretty happy Dream’s here.

And surprisingly, the teacher didn’t notice. Quackity gave the blond one of his notebooks so he didn’t look too suspicious. Dream has nice handwriting.

George isn’t sure what he was expecting but he should have known that if someone was already on him the second he walked onto campus, class would be the same. It was a different girl this time. After they finished writing everything down, she walked all the way to the back of the class to ask if Dream could share his notes with her. Either she was too stupid to realize that he hasn’t been here all year or she didn’t care.

Probably both.

The first time had been amusing to see Dream fidget and stand awkwardly, but this time it was aggravating to watch. It’s an ugly, jealous feeling that George pushed down to the pit of his stomach.

Why does it concern him so much?

Dream ripped out the sheet of lined paper from the notebook and handed it too her wordlessly. The girl smiled and thanked him before slowly walking back to her desk as of his silence didn't effect her.

By the end of class the girl returned the sheet of paper which is now folded in two. George didn't even need to see it to know that she wrote her number in it. Before Dream could throw it away Quackity snatched it from his hands as "payment for letting him use his notebook".

Dream holds both his hands up. "Please, take it," he laughs. Quackity puts the paper in his pocket before announcing that he should get to his next class and disappearing into the crowd of teenagers. "What's you're next class?"

"English," George says distastefully. He hates English. It's not like it was a difficult class for him, far from it, but the work was repetitive and the teacher fucking sucks.

"You don't seem to happy about that," Dream comments.

The brunet sighs. "I'm not. I would tell you to come along but that teacher is somewhat competent."

"Let's just leave then." The taller looks down at him with a smile but no sign of his proposition being a joke. Upon George's silence, Dream continues. "You don't like the class, let's go home."

"That is a terrible idea." He's lying, the idea is enticing, but the consequences aren't desirable. "He's the type of teacher who actually takes attendance. He would probably email my mom and let her know I was gone."

Dream grabs George by the hand and tugs him in the direction of the entrance. "We can make an excuse or something. Just say you weren't feeling good"

"Dream," he grumbles but makes no move to pull his hand away. The blond stops walking and faces him.

"You don't have to," he says comfortingly despite the firm grip on his wrist, "but if you choose to stay you better get to class soon." They both stand still while George makes his decision, ultimately choosing to follow Dream.

"Fine, let's go." Dream smiles and begins walking towards the entrance. When George catches up beside him, he lets go of his hand. "How do you even know your way around here?"

"I don't know, it almost like there are big signs hanging from the ceiling, pointing towards the welcome center." George smacks him for that.

"Whatever." By now there are only a few kids mingling in the hallways as the minute bell rings, warning the students to get to their rooms. "The ladies at the front won't care if we walk out, but we need an excuse for my mom."

They stay silent until the open the big class doors and walk out of the building. "I already said you can pretend you felt sick. We'll tell her you came home and took a nap and now you feel better."

George shakes his head. "That is the most basic excuse ever. I do feel tired though." They cross the large parking lot and start on their path home. "How did you even know where the school was?"

"I mean, I passed it multiple times before you guys let me stay for good. I kind of already knew



where it was.” That is true, Dream used to hang around this area a lot. “But Quackity sent me the address just in case.”

George hums. For once the weather isn't too bad. It's warm, as always, but surprising clear out. Without the sticky, muggy weight coming from the clouds, the walk home isn't as miserable as it normally is. Dream being with him makes the whole experience better.

“I don't know what Quackity told you, but you didn't have to come be his door dash delivery guy.”

“The grocery store is right next to campus, it wasn't a hassle,” he waves it off. “Plus I wanted to come see you guys.”

As they wait by the cross walk, George pulls out his phone. “Oh God.” Dream peeks over his shoulder curiously before laughing and pulling out his own phone to look at it for himself.

**Karl <3**

[IMG\_09145.JPG]

2:15 pm

Even before clicking on his messages app, George could tell from the notification it was a zoomed in picture of the schools' parking lot. After tapping the image, you could make out George and Dream crossing the asphalt. And of course Karl sent it to the group chat that Dream is now a part of.

“This reminds me too much of when my mom took those screenshots from the security cameras,” George mumbles to himself but Dream wheezes none the less.

**daddy quackity**

traitor

fuck you george

2:15 pm

**Karl <3**

I just happened to look out the window

I pulled my phone out so fast, I'm surprised Mrs. Nelson didn't yell at me

2:16 pm

Dream lightly taps at George's arm, telling him that it's safe to cross now. The brunet puts the phone back in his pocket, feeling it go off a few times knowing Sapnap has probably joined in on the conversation.

They continue their walk home and when they pass the railway, Dream points out the spot that he laid at before George found him. It seems like an eternity ago.

George hadn't been lying about being tired. When they make it home, both boys change into more casual clothes to wear around the house. Dream's playing some game on his computer while George lays on the boy's bed, drowsiness taking it's toll on him. Right when he feels his eyelids start to slip, a light buzz from beside him jolts him.

It's not his phone, it's Dream's. The blond must have forgotten it on the bed when he changed his clothes. Through his blurry eyes, George makes out a text from Sapnap. It wasn't intended for him, yet he can't help but read it before closing his eyes and letting the sleep overtake his mind.

**the designated driver**

im sick of watching how oblivious you are  
just do it  
for my sake and yours  
*3:07 pm*

Chapter End Notes

i deleted twitter from my phone... its something i should have done a long time ago.  
now all the drama is on tik tok too so im literally gonna make a whole new account  
and reconstruct my fyp with just memes and gen z humor.

for now, let ao3 and pinterest be safe place LOL

ALSO UHOHGUYSS last night my mom asked me to give her my email so she could  
send me an invite link to virus protect thing. she goes "it's so your computer doesn't get  
viruses. im going to make your sister get it too so i can set up parental controls for her  
so i can see what she does" :l she said for my sister but i swear if she puts them on  
mine too we are gonna have some issues. i will fuckinG REVOLT AND START THE  
NEXT WORLD WAR

anyways I FINISHED FRENCH I AM OFFICIALLY OUT OF SCHOOL WOOT  
WOOT i know a lot of people have one more week so good luck loves <3

# Chapter 12

## Chapter Notes

if you keep seeing me change the story summary, no you didnt

this was originally going to half a chapter but i decided to end it here so i can get it to yall faster plus its a nice ending :D next chapter will be fun

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It's finally Friday night and George couldn't be more thankful. He's almost done with his first semester of school, meaning that as quickly as winter break is approaching, so are midterms. George does study for his bigger exams, though they are few and far in between, but never for very long. Yes, he wants good grades, but sitting and reviewing boring material for a long while, even if he has nothing better to be doing, isn't worth it.

So maybe he only spent a little extra time on school at home than he normally does, but who's to say he didn't work harder than normal? Karl usually goes crazy over big tests, studying his ass off for the whole day. Though George isn't like that, he's still exhausted come the weekend.

Dream didn't seem to mind the fact that the brunet was more focused on school for the week. He ended up hanging out his room silently, scrolling through his phone and occasionally helping George with some of his work.

It turns out they are both into coding, and although George is arguable better at the subject, he still makes Dream double check everything. It's very possible that the blond has no idea what he's looking for but the second pair of eyes, whether they are actually helpful or not, prove to be comforting.

Ms. Davies ended up taking off to California for a big investors meeting earlier that morning and left the boys heating instructions for the left over lasagna. Much to their own surprise, they didn't burn the house down and the food wasn't too bad the second time around.

Dream and George talked about their normal conversation topics, but the brit could tell there was something the other wanted to say. He looked like a young child debating on whether or not to tell the truth about eating candy before bedtime. It was slightly amusing but also worrying.

George wanted to snap at him and tell him to say what's on his mind but refrained from doing so. And honestly, George thought that the other wouldn't bring it up, but alas he did.

“Did you finish all of your work for the week?” George nods as he refills the small water dish for Ollie and Patches who just finished eating their own dinner. Dream likes to feed the cats at the same time they eat dinner so they don't feel left out. At first George didn't understand why and just thought he was being sweet but he learned very quickly that Patches gets jealous when they eat food without her.

“Yeah, midterms aren't until Wednesday so I'll probably take a break over the weekend.” He wipes his hands off on the dish towel and heads up to his bedroom, Dream right behind him.

“Ah okay.” Dream seems to me mustering up the confidence to say his next line, opting to keep silent until they make it into George's room. “Do you wanna like, talk about something?”

George inspects him from the corner of his eye. “Depends on what that 'something' is.” The statement seems to make Dream rethink his decision a bit so the brunet rushes to continue. “But yes, we can. Whatever is on your mind.”

They both stand in the middle of the room awkwardly and Dream finally speaks up after realizing it was his turn to talk. “Okay, let's sit down.”

George is a little confused but does so none the less, leaning back against the headboard of his bed. Dream follows and sits directly to his left so he doesn't have to look him in the eye. Dream falls into silence again. “Dream, you can tell me. I won't judge you, okay?”

The taller looks at him gratefully before staring straight forward again. “I know.” The uncertainty in his tone contradicts his words. “Uh, okay I don't really know where to start,” he laughs nervously. George remains patient even though he's practically dying to know what the other has to say. “Alright so, I wanna tell you why I left.”

George wants to jump up because holy shit *finally* but instead he mumbles out a encouraging 'alright' and waits for him to continue. How he became so invested and someone else's life he will never know.

“I've always wanted to tell you, I just wasn't sure how you would react, which is stupid because you are always kind to me, but I was still worried and everything. I shouldn't have been but-”

“Dream,” George laughs fondly. “Breathe.” Dream smiles. “Just tell me, it's alright.”

“Well, long story short, my parents are very homophobic.” The blond rubs the back of his neck, eyes trained to stare down at his lap. “And I'm gay. Well, technically bi. I think...” Dream seems to think about it for a second but George is still processing his initial confession. “I don't really know, but I like guys.”

When Dream stop stalking again, George takes it as his cue to respond. “Oh.” *Nice fucking job.* He looks up at the other who still refuses to meet eye contact. “That's cool.” That probably made it worse. “I think I am too,” he offers. Dream glances at him. “I haven't thought about it much, but I know I'm not straight,” he shrugs. It's never been a huge deal for him, especially not with his mom who's very open-minded. He's only ever told his closest friends, and even then they rarely talk about it. He hasn't told his mom yet but George doesn't think he needs to.

She's too good at making guesses.

“Oh wow. Wow, okay.” Dream looks as if he's just made the biggest discovery known to man. George wants to laugh at how terrible this conversation is going. It's not uncomfortable, but it's not a walk in the park either.

“So that's why you left?” George finally allows himself to ask questions, figuring that's probably the hardest thing for him to admit.

“Oh!” Dream seems to focus again after loosing his train of thought. “Well, I never really told them because I heard the way they talked about other people. They are pretty old fashioned,” he sighs. “I'm not sure what hinted them towards asking me if I liked guys, but they did. I neither confirmed nor denied it but I had the balls to say 'so what if I did'.” He laughs emptily. “That was pretty fucking stupid of me and it was enough conformation for them to decide that I wasn't 'normal'.”

George finds himself staring at the blond. He was talking as if he didn't care, but there was a look of genuine hurt on his face.

“They threatened to send me off somewhere if I didn't stop 'acting like that'. I have no doubt in my mind that they would have,” he says disheartened. “After hearing them say some pretty terrible things so openly, I was terrified. I had planned on at least moving out the second I turned eighteen because of their other unrealistic standards, but after that I decided I should probably leave sooner.”

Dream's still looking away but from what George can see, he's pretty close to breaking down. It makes his own stomach churn.

“I actually tried to run away once before. It was more of an impulsive decision. I didn't think anything through and I came back home a day later. I didn't get very far,” Dream laughs weakly. “Even though they didn't come looking for me, they claimed to be worried and were upset when I got back. Complete bullshit. The next day they were back to trying to 'fix me' or whatever.”

George remembers the short blond woman he met a while ago stating that she cared for Dream, even though her face showed the exact opposite.

“The second time was when you found me. I took the time to figure out how to leave and which train would get me the furthest. I ended up packing a bag that time and even though it wouldn't have been enough for more than a day or two, once I got on that train I knew there was no going back.” Dream leans back and gazes at the white plastered ceiling. George is conscious of the fact that he's staring at the other but he can't bring himself to care.

“Once I jumped off that train, I realized that I was actually alone. I have no idea how long I laid there in the sun for but it was honestly a bitter sweet feeling.” He fidgets with the hem of his shirt. “I was proud that I left, but also scared to be completely by myself. I felt a little hopeless.” Dream finally looks over at him with an expression George can't quite place. “And then you found me.”

“I was so fucking thankful. I honestly didn't even think you would help me at the time, but you simply walking up to me made me feel just a little less lonely. Even if I would talk to you for five minutes and then never see you again, at that time it was all I could have asked for.” George feels like he should say something right now, anything, but his tongue feels too heavy in his mouth, unable to form any words. “You are all I could have asked for and so, so much more. You gave me a place to sleep, helped me treat my injuries, and fed me.”

Dream looks as if he's on the verge of crying and the way he's staring deeply into brown eyes is starting to make George emotional too. “You always talk about how you seem cold and emotionless but you're the most caring person I've ever met. Thank you, George.”

The shorter boy has to swallow the lump at the back of his throat before even thinking about saying anything. “Well, I'm not sure what I was thinking back then when I took you in but I'm glad I did.”

Dream's gaze shifts downwards momentarily before back up to George. “Lay down on your side and face that way.” He points towards the desk so that the brunet would be facing away from him.

It catches him off guard. “What?” George looks at him skeptically for a moment. “Just because you had all these emotions to get off your chest doesn't mean I'm gonna do whatever you ask.”

Dream laughs and it's not the sad, wistful one from earlier, but his real laugh that George has grown to love. “I'm not done yet so do it? Please?”

George is given the look similar to that of a dog begging for food scraps and decides that he can't say no. He can still complain though. "Fine. But these are special circumstances," he mumbles as he flips over onto his right side. There's a couple seconds of ruffling noises and then Dream is pressed against his back. George has no fucking idea how he didn't see that coming after what Dream just instructed him to do. "Okay no, that's not necessary," George makes a move to get up but an arm is draped over his side.

If George really wanted to get up, he could. Dream is using the nothing but gravity and George could easily throw the tan arm off his body. The brit huffs but chooses to stay, glad he's at least facing away from the other at this moment.

"Just stay." Dream is slightly lower than George so the words are mumbled near the back of his neck. He isn't close enough to feel the others lips but his warm breath has the same effect. "There's one more thing that I've been meaning to tell you."

Now George doesn't want to jump to conclusions, however the intimacy of the situation leads his brain to possibilities of what Dream might spit out next. He can only guess by the slight nervousness in the others voice and and it makes his face heat up even more. George could be wrong, but he doesn't think he is.

Almost hopes he isn't. Almost.

"George I really, really like you." The statement prompts silence. And even though that's what George thought he would say, it's still just as jolting to hear. Dream doesn't need to explain the intentions behind his words any further, but George isn't about to stop him. "And I don't mean as just like, friends, but something more." Dream shifts slightly behind him. "I've felt like this for a while now and thought I should say something. You mean more to me than anyone else."

George thinks his words over carefully, not wanting to hurt him but still unsure of how to respond. "I'm not sure what to say." It probably wasn't the best thing to say but he is at a genuine loss.

"I don't want you to say anything." The arm draped over George's torso moves so that the brunet is in more of a hold, Dream's hand now resting on George's forearm. "Just think about it. Please."

"Yeah." George traces nonexistent shapes into the comforter of his bed. "Okay. I can do that." He doesn't know what this means for himself, but he really doesn't want to figure it all out right now. It's a lot to think about, a lot to take in. Although the more he does think about it, the more the little things here and there Dream does make sense. It's all coming together and George was stupid enough to miss it.

*"im sick of watching how oblivious you are"*

That text wasn't his to read but it definitely still applies.

George was supposed to study for a little bit today before playing video games for the rest of the night. A lot more than that happened.

"So that's what you talked to Sapnap about?"

"Yeah, though he was never much help if I'm being honest," Dream chuckles. "He just kept telling me to tell you." It's so quiet. George thinks he might be able to hear the other blink. "And I'm sorry for the whole ignoring you thing." Dream moves his thumb back and forth along George's arm soothingly. "I never intended for it to happen. It just... did."

"It's alright, please stop worrying about it."

Seemingly satisfied with the answer, Dream lowers his head and rests it against the back of George's neck. It's nowhere near the time the brunet usually goes to sleep and he knows that given the position he was currently in he wouldn't be falling asleep any faster, however the idea of sitting in Dream's arms for a while isn't unappealing.

Blond hair tickles at pale skin and it should annoy George. It should make him move away or elbow the boy behind him or snap at him or tell him to fuck off. It really should.

But it doesn't.

## Chapter End Notes

you guys, my friend sent me these chocolate peanut butter chex mix coated in powdered sugar and HOLY FUCK THEY ARE SO GOOD i have never been a fan of peanut butter so i was skeptical to try them BUT DAMN IM IN LOVE I ATE THE WHOLE THING AND THERE WERE A LOT

even tho i finished french my teacher still has to grade everything but from the looks of it im gonna end up at a 88% in the class AND CONSIDERING THAT I PURPOSELY CHOSE TO NOT GET ON ZOOM CALL WITH HIM LIKE FOUR TIME FOR HIM TO EVALUATE MY SPEECH THATS PRETTY GOOD :D gotta work the system

i love you all and just know you're doing amazing <3 take care of yourselves!!

# Chapter 13

## Chapter Notes

hello lovely people :]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The sunlight seeping in through the open curtains rudely awakens George the next morning. He rolls over to face his nightstand, the numbers 11:23 stare back at him patronizingly. He blinks the sleep from his eyes, attempting to make the drowsiness leave his body all while yesterday's events slowly come back to him. Well, not slowly. Everything hits him at once and his first reaction is to quickly sit up and turn around.

Dream isn't there, but the slight dent in the comforter where he had been previously provides him with the fact that it wasn't some sort of fever dream, that everything last night actually happened. Everything the blond said was actually real. George slides off the bed and runs a hand atop of his head to smooth his messy hair before opening the door.

Dream's door is open but there is no sign of him in his room. George wanders down the hall and from the steps he can see Dream sitting on the couch, watching some sports program on the living room T.V. He's so engrossed by the football game that he doesn't notice the brunet until he makes it down the steps.

"Good morning," he smiles. He has his feet propped up on the coffee table and his phone in one hand. Patches and Ollie are curled up together on the chair perpendicular to the couch. George never imagined that the gray cat would get along this well with another cat, or any animal for that matter. The two have grown close over the past few months, spending much of their time together.

"Morning," George responds, voice a bit rough.

"Did you sleep well?"

The brit shrugs as he plops himself down on the couch next to Dream. "I guess so, did you?" He isn't exactly sure how to act right now. He doesn't want to make things awkward by acting different, but at the same time its impossible to forget the conversation they had the night before.

"Yeah, better than usual." Dream glances back at the game, checking the score in the bottom corner of the screen. "Do you have any plans today."

George laughs. "No. You know I rarely do anything when I have precious time off." It is so painfully obvious when Dream has something he wants to say. "Why do you ask?"

The taller boy messes with his plain black phone case, peeling it away from the sides and then letting it flip back. "Do you wanna go out today?"

If it were any other person George would probably try to make some excuse about being busy, never wanting to leave the house. But it's Dream. "Sure." He leans back against the couch, watching as the two teams fight for the ball. George has never been a huge sports fan but it's still entertaining. "I take it you have somewhere in mind?"



Dream nods beside him. "Yeah." He turns his phone on and passes it to George, google page already pulled up. "This is where I saw you that second time." The screen shows a picture and vague description of the sandwich shop that George and his mother always go to.

"It is." George glances at the phone once more before handing it back. "But that's pretty far if we're walking."

"Right," Dream mumbles, "and that's why I asked Ms. Davies if I could drive the car."

George can feel the slight shock on his own face. "She said yes?" He really shouldn't be surprised but at the same time his mom is pretty adamant about safety. George doubts she would even let him learn to drive in that car.

"Yes, which I honestly wasn't expecting, but she did." At this point George's own mom might have chosen a favorite child that she isn't even related to. "She just said we have to be home before ten."

George can't imagine them being gone for longer than that anyway. "I guess that's reasonable."

Dream looks down at him with hopeful eyes. "So it's a yes then?" George does not want to call it a date but after everything the blond has admitted to him, it just might be. Maybe he's okay with that.

"Fine," he says as if it's a burden but he'd be lying if he said he didn't want to go. Dream's face immediately lights up at the confirmation. "What time are we leaving?"

"I was thinking later for dinner, so we have a couple hours still."

George raises an eyebrow. "Alright then." He hoists himself up off the couch after his stomach reminds him of the absence of breakfast. "You're paying though."

Dream grins, clearly not caring, just happy that George agreed. "Already planned on it."

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The drive over was... something.

George waited until last minute to ask if Dream was a good driver to which the blond responded with "of course" and though that may have been true, it didn't put the brunet's nerves to ease. The first time Sappnap drove him was probably the worst experience of his life. He has no idea how the boy managed to pass his drivers test and although he is much better now, it was adventure that would make anyone skeptical the next time they sit in the passenger's seat.

In all honestly, Dream is probably a good driver but the constant little break checks that he does just to see how George will react prove otherwise. The moment the brit would let go of the white-knuckle grip on the door panel, the blond would quickly tap the breaks and laugh at George's complaints.

There were multiple times where George reached over the center console to smack him on the shoulder and tell him to stop. Dream finally decided to listen fifteen minutes into the drive and actually focus on the road so they didn't get into a crash after George reminded him that Ms. Davies was trusting him with her car. That or some sort of road rage incident from the people behind them who probably didn't appreciate Dream's antics.

They made it to the restaurant unscathed, George practically jumping out of the car once they got to the parking lot while Dream wheezed at his eagerness to leave the vehicle.

Just as he had promised, the taller paid for their food after they ordered. It was surprisingly busy at the restaurant. George almost opened his mouth to let out a remark about all the people buying sandwiches for dinner before deciding he's already enough of a hypocrite. Dream insisted that they choose the same table he sat at many months ago when they accidentally met up.

They made comfortable small talk all the while, mentioning stupid videos on the internet and whether George was excited for winter break or not – the answer to that was an immediate yes. Throughout their whole meal, Dream never brought up the events of last night. Never mentioned to it, hinted to it, or even acted the slightest bit different.

George can't tell if he should be grateful for that or not. Although the topic did make him a little nervous to think about, let alone talk about, he almost wanted to revisit it. He will admit that the small touches here and there that Dream has always done make him heat up even more. Now that there's more of a meaning behind them, George finds himself craving the attention.

They finished their meal after an hour or so due to their chatting even though it should have taken half the time. After they get into the car, George makes Dream promise that he won't pull the break checking shit again.

"I won't, I won't," Dream chuckles as he twists his body around to reverse the car, resting his arm on the passenger seat.

"You better not," George insists. It's impossible not to glance to his left and watch how the action lifts up Dream's dark shirt, revealing the skin that constantly plagues George's mind. He lets himself glance at his concentrated face because it's pretty fucking *hot*. All too quickly, the blond removes his hand from the seat and looks forward, catching the brunet's eye.

Dream gives him an all knowing look, refusing to look away and training his eyes on the other. George is positive he won't win this staring contest, not after the other has just caught him gawking in his direction, so he averts his gaze and looks out the window.

"Thank you for lunch," he says, hoping Dream will move on quickly. "It's nice to not eat the same leftover food three days in a row."

The taller scoffs, amusement clear in his voice. "Of course."

George watches cars and telephone poles pass by unceremoniously. No one likes terribly long car rides but sometimes it's easy to lose yourself in the blurry shapes that pass by. He continues to space out until he realizes that Dream is in the right turn lane, not in the left one that they need to get home.

"What are you doing?" George whips his head to the blond who's looking straight ahead at the road, a terribly concealed smirk spread across his face. "Dream." The boy in question glances at him, refusing to talk. "You're kidnapping me."

Apparently that was too much for him because Dream immediately loses his silent facade, laughing all while turning the car. "I'm not kidnapping you."

"Where are we going?" No response. George plays the waiting game for an impressive seventeen seconds before trying again. "Dream?"

"Oh my God," he chuckles. "Just be patient you'll see."

"You're going to get lost," George states. If he knew his way around he might be able to tell where the fuck they are going but he couldn't tell you more than how to get to school from his house.

“How do you even know where you're going?”

“I just do.”

George deadpans. “You don't know where you're going,” he insists. “You're just driving so we don't have to go home yet.”

Dream shakes his head. “Dude, I'm following the signs. I'm not going to get us lost, I promise.”

“I'm not talking to you until you tell me.”

The boy in the driver's seat shrugs, not too effected by the statement. For good reason too. Not even ten minutes later George points out a German Shepherd dog that some random lady was walking, mentioning how he had always wanted one if his mother wasn't allergic to dogs.

Dream continues to be secretive about where they are going every single time George asks. He should probably be nervous but he's not. He trusts Dream too much. Eventually it clicks in George's head when he sees water off in the distance.

“The beach?” George tilts his head to glance at Dream. He nods. He could have just told him that. “We don't have bathing suits though.”

“Well obviously,” Dream snickers. “You don't have to go in the water.” George has never been to the beach this late in the day, therefore amazed that there were barely any people and the blond was able to find a parking spot almost immediately.

“I agreed to dinner, nothing else,” he mumbles. George complains because he can, not because he's actually annoyed. It's something that used to confuse Dream when he first met him, but now he's immune to the other's protests.

Dream double checks that the car is locked while George stands impatiently on the sidewalk near all the beachfront shops, hands crossed over his chest. “I know you did, but will you agree to ice cream too?”

“Yes,” George answers almost immediately before walking off to find the nearest ice cream store. He can hear Dream's laugh behind him, followed by quick footsteps until he can see the taller boy by his side.

“That was easy.” George glares at him playfully. They run across a few restaurants and smaller shacks selling food that smells tempting, one of them being a small milkshake store that George convinces the other to pass in favor of going to his favorite one. At some point in time, George finds the place, unsure of how he remembered where it was but still pleased.

Dream pays because he promised he would, plus George purposefully left all his money at home so he couldn't. They exit the tiny shop, ice cream cones in hand and Dream heads toward the shore. George almost always gets cookie dough whenever he gets ice cream. The other boy, being the most basic person in the world, decided to get plain chocolate. George made sure to make fun of him for that.

They reach the beach, both of them treading carefully, trying not to get sand in their shoes. After much convincing, George follows Dream up onto the small empty lifeguard tower so they can sit down somewhere and not have to worry about getting the car dirty.

It's strange seeing the beach like this. The sun is sinking down, just touching the top of the water as it begins its journey elsewhere for the night. George doesn't need to see the true colors to know it's

pretty.

Occasionally someone will walk by, a family with their young child insisting they collect as many sea shells and sand dollars as possible. George would have liked to take his time eating the ice cream but even as night and winter both approach, the Florida heat doesn't waver, threatening to melt his dessert before he can finish it.

Of course Dream has already eaten his, practically inhaling the thing the second they sat down. They both non-verbally agree to stay silent as they watch the sun sink further and further into the ocean. The blond seems transfixed on the sunset, eyes never leaving the horizon as he looks lost in his own head. George takes the opportunity to sneak a glance or two for the second time that day. He can't help it.

Dream's eyes are much more detailed in the light of the sun. The small flecks of darker color in his irises are more notable now, scattered throughout yellow similar to the freckles on his cheeks. Dream talked about needing a hair cut but George hopes he doesn't get one. The messy, dirty blond hair completes the look.

Even when George finishes eating, they remain quiet, eyes straight forward as they swing their legs lazily below them. The planked wood from the old lifeguard tower is starting to get uncomfortable but George doesn't want to move. Doesn't want to ruin whatever this is.

He hasn't thought about everything like Dream told him too. Like he said he would.

George likes the touches, likes the teasing, likes the fact that there is a new, more *intimate* meaning behind it all. He likes the thought of always being around the other, dwells on knowing that Dream likes him in more than just a platonic way.

And holy shit is Dream hot. Not just his outward appearance either, but his personality and voice. They are all so addicting, so enticing. George doesn't know what to think.

All those things are the truth, but it doesn't mean he likes him, right? You can think someone's attractive without falling for them. But maybe George thinks he's more than attractive. Every little thing Dream does has him on the edge of his seat.

Dream wants him to think about. He never said for how long but George guesses he will bring it up again at some point. At least he hopes his does. George isn't willing to be the one to mention it first.

Who knows how long it'll take for him to come up with an answer anyway. He may not want to admit it but he has a strong feeling that his answer won't be 'no'. But how in the world will whatever answer he comes up with effect their lives?

What if it takes a turn for the worst? They live together for fuck's sake, it's not like they can easily get away from each other. Sure, they can shut their doors and pretend like everything is fine at dinner time, but that only lasted a week before it all came crashing down. On top of everything, Dream is his best friend. What if something happens and Dream wants to leave? George isn't sure he could take that.

He's grown so used to the other's presence. The simple thought of knowing that someone is always around. Coming back home from school and knowing that someone will be there waiting for him is such a good feeling. George isn't sure he'd be able to give that up. Not easily.

But there's a flip side to things. What if things do go nicely? There is no way they would be able to

hide that from George's mom. There is no reason for them to, she wouldn't be upset, but still. She'd probably take to teasing them every chance she got. Her and his friends.

It's a lot to process and George doesn't know what to think of it.

The sun is almost gone now. How long have they been sitting here for? The air is finally beginning to chill, making George wish he had brought some sort of jacket. Ultimately, he breaks the trance and looks over to Dream who's already staring at him, leaning back on his palms behind him.

He doesn't know how long the other's been ogling at him for but he continues to do so even after George catches him. It makes him feel warm, makes him want to hide his face out of anxiety, all the while making him want to stay in that moment.

The light is barely peeking over the water, giving Dream a faint glow that George probably has too. It's mesmerizing. George thinks he could stare forever, get lost in golden eyes, and just maybe he could learn to-

"It's dark out." Dream says.

"It is," the brunet mumbles, catching the way Dream's eyes flicker downward when he speaks. They remain there for a bit longer before searching George's eyes, looking for something the other can't place. The blond moves in a little closer, invading his space as he places a large hand on his cheek and *holy shit what is he doing?* George knows his eyes are probably wider than they should be in his attempt to remain calm.

Dream gets closer and closer before pulling back all together and smiling warmly at him. "You're cold," he states. "Let's go home."

## Chapter End Notes

AYUP SO FIRST THINGS FIRST: my friend said i need to shout her out so CHECK HER OUT > [PickleBottom](#) < she be writing some good angst

OKAY MY LIFE UPDATES: okay so... I have this little 'fake' succulent plant that I bought back in october. I saw it at fucking trader joes and was like DAMN I RLLY WANT IT so I bought it and put it on my nightstand. Fast forward to two days ago I look over after I wake up and notice it has grown taller and the stems went up more. I googled it and ITS A REAL PLANT I WANTED TO CRY its been alive this whole time and I haven't watered him ONCE so I felt terrible. I promise im taking good care of him now

also have yall seen that video of like 30 ppl cosplaying as people from the dsmv singing mask... im just in shock. like they aint hurtin anyone but it causes my physiscal pain to watch THIS IS WHY I TELL NO ONE I LIKE MCYT ISTG IM NOT LIKE THAT

friendly reminder to go fuck yourself if you are one of the ppl posting "/neg tommy" and "/neg tubbo" on twitter although i have faith that all you lovely people are not like that.

take care and much love!! <3



# Chapter 14

## Chapter Notes

this chapter seems oddly familiar....

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Taking exams has got to be one of the worst experiences of high school.

First of all, there's the immense pressure to get a good grade. George wants to personally strangle the person who decided that it was a good idea to have one test either make or break your entire report card. On top of that, all the tests are in the same week leaving no where near enough time to study in between homework and other projects.

It sucks, but that's not even the worst part. Not for George.

Having to sit in complete silence for the rest of the time after finishing the test during the extended class period is torture. It's not like he would talk anyways, at least not in English since none of his friends are in that class, but the anticipation of winter break that is about twenty minutes away is getting to him.

He wants nothing more than to jump up and leave, especially since he turned in his exam a while ago. Instead he has to sit and wait patiently for everyone else to finish while the air thick with discomfort weighs down on him. Maybe if he could look at his phone it wouldn't be that bad. Honestly, he understand why he has to stay quiet but it doesn't mean he likes it.

Part of it is most likely because it's his last class of the semester. He wasn't as anxious this morning, knowing he had two more exams to do later that day. The other part is probably because of his teacher. Of course winter break brings no schoolwork, more free time, and the ability to sleep in, but along with it comes the absence of his English teacher.

It's a miracle within a miracle.

His mom has never been extremely strict about grades, as long as he isn't failing tests left and right, but he still wants to do good. He probably should have continued to study over the weekend instead of taking time off but he really can't bring himself to care when class is almost out.

George rolls the number two pencil that was given to him between his thumbs, staring as the seconds slowly turn into minutes. The long arm of the clock is so, so close to hitting the fifteen minute mark needed so that he can leave.

The kids around him seem to be aware of the time that's slowly draining down the sink, either becoming antsy to leave or scribbling down last-minute answers. It's a godsend when the bell rings and he can freely get up from his seat and leave.

His teacher is saying something about the holiday and new years but no one's listening. George quickly throws his bag over his shoulder and files out the door, feeling sympathetic to the few kids who didn't finish on time.

Apparently Quackity got out early since he was already standing outside the front doors of the

building despite his class being on the opposite side of campus.

The boy spots George and sighs dramatically. "We're done," Quackity says as if they just got back from war. He supposes the analogy can't be far off.

"Finally," George says, glad to be able to go home and sleep in for the next three weeks. Not too long after, Sapnap and Karl emerge from the crowd of students. Karl looks exhausted but manages a smile anyways, always one to worry over tests even though he has some of the top grades in the school.

Before taking off to drive the other brunet home, Sapnap suggested that they get together for new years. They all agreed, knowing that they would most likely be too lazy to get together any other time. They've never been the group to hang out every weekend, the texting and discord calls were enough for keeping in contact outside of school.

George listens as Quackity complains about one of the teachers nearly failing him on his midterm for bickering with the kid behind him. Before they part ways on the sidewalk, George tells the boy it was his fault for talking which wasn't taken nicely. As he turns and begins to walk away, he could hear Quackity say something about being glad he wouldn't see him until new years in mock anger.

George snorts and begins his journey home. He finds it a little strange that Florida tends to stay warmer, even during the winter. The brit is used to chilly breezes and thin layers of snow covering the already gloomy looking cities back in England. And though at night the temperatures can dip low enough to make him shiver, it doesn't hold a torch to the white that resembles broken shards of glass over soft powder.

It shouldn't matter anyways, George always opted to stay inside even when it did snow, however it was a nice site to look at from his window.

Winter break is relieving in the sense that school is out, however he is just now realizing that means he has to spend more time with Dream. He's not mad about it, far from it, but it means there will be more fleeting glances and needless touches for him to get worked up over.

Plus he needs to give an the blond and answer at some point.

George groans and pushes the small button on the light pole, waiting for the light at the other side of the crosswalk to flash and allow him to continue. What is he even going to say? He's damn near confused himself and is only sure of a few things at this point. One of them being Dream's presence makes him nervous and anxious in the best way possible. The other being he craves the small touches in ways he shouldn't. And the last being he doesn't want to admit any of that.

He almost misses it when the light switches from the stop signal, too lost in thought. George hurries across the street, keeping his eyes away from the train tracks because for some fucking reason the loud, annoying, and ugly bars of metal and wood remind him of a tall, handsome blond that seems to be causing him an early mid-life crisis.

He turns into his neighborhood, waving at the old lady who's watering her plants and smiling sweetly. He sees her almost every day, often sharing a few words as he walks home from school. He frowns, realizing he doesn't remember her name.

George's mom is supposed to be home at some point today, but when he opens the door he's met with a shirtless Dream lounging on the couch. As often as he goes without a shirt, the blond never does so when Ms. Davies is home.



“George!” Dream smiles and cranes his neck to glance at the boy as he walks through the front door, locking it behind him. “How was your last day?”

“It was good.” George slips his shoes off by the door and drops his bag before crossing into the living room. “I feel pretty good about all my exams.” He stops to stare down at the taller who's decided to take up the whole couch. He glances at him once, begins to walk to the chair, before looking back. “What is that?” George squints at the fresh scratches that litter Dream's lower stomach.

Dream looked confused for a moment before following the trail of brown eyes and looking down. Realizing what he was looking at, he barks out a laugh. “Well I tried to get my sweatshirt after I got out of the shower but Patches decided it's hers now.”

“Apparently her fancy cat bed isn't good enough for her,” George snickers.

“I guess not.” Dream runs a hand over the red marks. “I tried to pick her up at first but she god mad. Then I tried to tug it out from under her, thinking she would get up on her own, but apparently she's grumpy today.” He ruffles his own hair, and then holds his hand out to George, showing him the small red wounds on his index finger. “She scratched my stomach so I pointed at her and told her off to which she responded by biting my finger.” Dream brings his hand back and examines it. “She wasn't trying to hurt me... but she did.”

“Huh.” It's an amusing thought, images of Patches swatting at Dream to get away from her vivid in George's mind.

Dream shoves himself up off the couch. “Which is why I need your help.”

“Hell no, I am not going in there.”

The blond wheezes. “I wouldn't make you do that.” He waves a hand to the kitchen and heads towards the steps. “Plus she's already down here somewhere. She got up not even ten minutes later,” Dream rolls his eyes. “I want to clean them up.”

George tilts his head to the side despite Dream being in front of him. “The cuts?” Dream hums. “They're not even that bad. Why'd you have to wait for me?”

“I don't know where the band-aids and stuff are.” The brunet can hear the smile in the other's voice.

“What a lie,” George scoffs. “You've seen me take them out of the cabinet multiple times.” Despite his very true statement, George walks into the bathroom after Dream and opens the small doors below the sink, takes out the clear plastic box, and sets it on the counter. “There, just put it back when your done.”

“You wont help me?” His voice sounds genuine but George knows he's just trying to get to him.

He glares at the blond. “No, you don't need help.”

“But you did my back.” Dream turns to face away from him, showing the long scar that has since healed and grown a thicker layer of pink skin. Just as George suspected, it never grew back to match his skin tone.

“You're right, I did, but that was because you were half dead and couldn't reach it.” Dream faces him once again, eyes pleading and George knows he's already lost this battle. “No, Dream. You can do it yourself.”

“Please?”

One, two, and then three seconds pass before George lets out a sigh. “What do you want.”

Dream smiles, giddy laugh and all. “Dunno, maybe that cream stuff or something?”

“Dude,” George mumbles and opens the box on the counter. “You seem like, way to happy about this.” Dream chuckles and watches as the other rummages through the tub of supplies. Eventually he finds the paste that is instructed to be used on smaller wounds and decides that maybe it will work better this time given the fact that it wasn't meant to treat big gashes. “They're just cat scratches, you don't need anything on them.” Dream just stares, grin never fading. “You're such a pussy.”

That makes the blond laugh. “I don't want it to get infected or something.”

George gives him a dumbfounded look and unscrews the cap. His heart is picking up it's pace inside his chest and he prays that he doesn't look as shaky as he feels. He's done this before, albeit a while ago, but there's no need for him to get this nervous over something so meaningless.

Except it isn't meaningless because George has never been the one to reach out to Dream first. Other than his playful smacks or punches, the brit usually keeps his hands to himself, unlike Dream. So yeah, this is a little more jarring than if the blond were to grab his wrist or press against his side.

That's probably why Dream asked him to help. And George can't say no.

George squeezes some of the paste onto his finger, not needing much since they were tiny fucking cat scratches. He slowly brings his hand towards Dream's stomach, keeping his eyes trained on the wound and not looking up, knowing damn well the heat on his face is visible at this point. It's impossible not to grow red. The closeness of the bare torso that he shamelessly stares at is condemning.

He covers the scratches in a thin layer, Dream flinching every now and then. Tan arms hang loosely at his sides and George can't help but wonder where the blond is looking right now. He glances to the side at the mirror, and just like the day he first took the other home, Dream is meeting his eyes through the glass. The situation is all too familiar yet foreign at the same time. He looks away before he can make a fool of himself by staring too long and finishes covering the cut with the substance, rubbing it in enough so that it wouldn't dirty his clothes.

“Okay, there.” He leans back so he can look up at Dream from a more comfortable distance. “Happy?”

The taller shows George his hand. “My finger.”

“Now you're pushing it,” George states. He screws the cap back onto the small tube and throws it haphazardly into the box. “You can do that by yourself.”

“How am I supposed to put a band-aid on my dominant hand.” It's Dream's turn to go through the tub and he pulls out a small, opened cardboard box. “Unlike you, I'm normal and right-handed.”

George groans, heart never failing to slow down. “Give those to me.” He takes the box from his hands and pulls out a new band-aid. Now he can see Dream's eyes trained directly on him, not through the mirror this time.

He carefully peels the plastic wrapping off, making a futile effort to steady his hands. Dream holds

his hand completely still, seemingly unfazed by everything. He wraps the sticky cloth around the finger, making sure he doesn't accidentally hurt him. George can't believe how gentle he has become. He smooths out the ends, making sure it won't peel back, relieved it's finally over and then-

"Why are you so nervous?"

George looks up quickly, wide eyed and startled. "What?"

Dream's looking right back down at him. "You're all shaky." George can see it behind his eyes, knows him too well to think that Dream is actually perplexed. The blond is doing it on purpose, just as he thought.

"I'm not," George says and lets go of his hand. He crumples up the now useless paper lining and tosses it onto the counter before reaching for the lid to close the tub.

"But you are." George continues to glare down as he closes the box. Looking up into the mirror would be a death wish. "Your face is red too." The brit shoves the supplies back under the sink before washing his hands. After a few seconds of nothing but the water running from the sink, Dream shuffles closer behind him and practically drapes himself across George's back.

"Dream," George scolds, trying to keep his voice neutral. His attempts to hold on to the rapidly fraying rope of self control are worthless. He slips when Dream rests his chin on his shoulder, mouth too close to the brunet's ear.

"What's wrong?" He's whispering now. George takes a chance he shouldn't have and looks up to see Dream's reflection grinning at him. It's not a mean grin, but it's definitely not an innocent one either.

"What do you mean 'why'?" George reaches his arms forward to grab the hand towel and Dream uses the opportunity to wrap his arms around the other's waist. "Get off of me, asshole," George huffs, more embarrassed than annoyed. This was definitely crossing the line of best friends. Just because Dream confessed his feelings that he has apparently held in for a while doesn't justify half the stuff he does.

Yet again George didn't stop him when he literally fell asleep wrapped around him last weekend. If he's being honest he doesn't want to stop him now either.

"Does seeing me shirtless really make you flustered?" Dream asks, probably knowing he won't get an answer. Not that he needs one anyway. "Or is it the fact that it's just me?"

George looks away first, Dream's golden eyes are too fierce, even through the mirror. The blond tips his head to the side, resting it almost *affectionately* against George's. "You've been getting real bold lately."

He can feel the blond shrug. "Just curious."

"Why do you ask when you already know the answers?"

Dream doesn't seem to have a response for that one. They both remain silent, neither of them making a move to leave their current position. George takes a sliver of pride for himself when he recognizes the feeling of the boy's heart against his back. Dream's just as nervous as he is.

George's hands stay planted on the counter top, supporting his weight and although Dream is enveloping him, he's barely putting any pressure on George. Probably realizing that the brit isn't necessarily complaining anymore, Dream squeezes his arms a little tighter. George can feel the

other smile by his ear contently.

If George were to be truthful, he hasn't stopped thinking about the night Dream held onto him while they fell asleep. It's constantly at the back of his mind, just the sheer memory of the event would make his heart roar to life. It had made him nervous yet safe at the same time; it's not like he ever felt unsafe before, but something about Dream holding him like that, *like this*, is captivating.

Both boys startle when the front door is rudely pushed open, the sound loud enough to be heard from upstairs.

"I'm home!"

Dream sighs against him, clearly disappointed but he laughs lightly anyways. "I should probably go put a shirt on."

George swallows thickly. "Yeah."

## Chapter End Notes

idk if i got any life updates for yall.

OH MY GOD I GOT ONE so i absolutely love soft pretzels like FUCK ME they are so good. anyways i havent had one in a long time but my mom comes home from mall and she randomly goes "wash your hands" and i was like wtf AND THEN SHE WHIPS OUT PRETZEL I FUCKING DEVOURED IT and then wrote this whole chapter so yeah. dont thank me for this chapter, thank wetzel pretzel !!

# Chapter 15

## Chapter Notes

HELLO <3 ILY

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“I don't ask a whole lot from you, so please?”

The sky is gray today, an inkling that a storm is on it's way, promising more than a few drops of rain. George has his curtains open, allowing the duller sunlight to seep through the window and fill the room. He stares, eyes following non existent lines on his white ceiling as he spreads out across his bed.

The static noise from his phone continues on for a couple seconds before it's finally broken with a laugh. “That's such a fucking lie.” Sapnap's voice fills the room, blooming from the small device laying next to George's side. Although the brunet is out of frame, he can see Sapnap's face on the video call. The boy is looking down at his phone from an awkward angle while eating some brand of chips that he graciously stops chewing while George is speaking. “You're constantly asking me to help you with shit.”

“Sapnap, please,” George repeats.

The boy contemplates as he munches rather loudly from his end of the phone. “Fine,” Sapnap decides,

“but not because you asked nicely. I enjoy drama when I'm not a part of it.”

George groans at this. “It's not drama. I just need advice.”

“Yeah, but I have to sit here and listen to you talk about the guy you probably want to fuck.”

“Sapnap,” the brit warns.

“Whatever. You must be desperate to ask me of all people for advice.”

And so George tells him everything. Maybe he includes a few details that Sapnap could have done without, but he explains everything to the best of his ability. Dream's confession, the beach, the fucking scratches from Patches along with the events that followed, and his own conflicting feelings. Sapnap listens to it all. He stays quiet for the most part, waiting for George to finish his little speech. Every now and then he chuckles at something stupid, but never meanly.

George finds that thinking such things in your mind is much different than actually saying them out loud. It's one thing to contemplate it and come terms with it than actually admit it, however it's therapeutic. He feels lighter after it all.

When George finally stops talking, Sapnap speaks up. “Do you want my honest opinion?”

The boy winces inwardly. He's probably not going to like what Sapnap has to say, but the raven is always honest and does give good input, despite what he may say. “Let me hear it.”

“Remember that this is just my opinion, so don't take it and run with it,” Sapnap reminds him, “but I think you like him. A lot.”

George finds himself letting out a breath at the statement. No, it wasn't exactly *unexpected*, but it's still rattling to hear. In all honesty, he already knew that he liked Dream in more than a platonic way, but the fact that it was apparently obvious to outsiders is a little ghastly. “What makes you think that?”

George doesn't need to look at his phone to know Sapnap has an absurd look on his face. “Seriously? Come on George.” The brunet doesn't say anything, just waiting as if the other boy needed to provide him with some sort of proof to his statement, some sort of evidence to back his claim up.

“Let's start from the beginning.” George regrets asking him why. “First of all, you care about your friends a lot, but never in a million years would you purposefully take the risk of getting in trouble with your mother.” That's fair. “You kept saying you just wanted to get rid of Dream, yet you were concerned about him and continued to invite him back over time and time again.”

George closes his eyes, reality setting in as Sapnap continues. “And then you proceed to get flustered over every little thing he does. If we mention him you start acting different and-”

“I don't act different,” George cuts in

“Yeah sure,” Sapnap says disbelievably. “I could go on and on, but I think you get the idea.” He does. “Listen, no one knows for sure except for you... however it's pretty obvious.” The white noise buzzes through the room for a bit while George sits and thinks about what he's just been told. At this point in time, there isn't a whole lot more to ponder. Just what to do from here. “I probably shouldn't tell you this,” Sapnap starts. George looks over to the phone and sees the boy smiling widely. “But Quackity and I have money on you and Dream getting together,” he laughs.

“You fucking- Sapnap!”

“Don't get mad at me! It was Quackity's idea,” he barely manages to say in between laughs which just makes him more suspicious.

“You guys are terrible,” George says, the situation making him smile anyways. He stays silent as the other's laughter starts to die down and wonders if he's being too loud. Dream has been asleep on the couch downstairs for a while now, and although George's door is closed, he isn't being very quiet. “I think you're right, though.” Sapnap hums. “What do I even do?”

*How did it ever come to this?* Who knew things would end up here. There weren't supposed to, but they did. Maybe it shouldn't be much of a surprise though. George was never supposed to approach Dream in the first place, let alone allow him to stay at his house.

Things should stopped after the first night, but of course they didn't. He just felt too bad, partly because of his friends guilt tripping him, and had to go back out and find him. Ms. Davies finding out about the whole thing should have been the end, but it wasn't. By then George actually wanted Dream to stay, but it shouldn't have happened. And now look where it's gotten him.

He doesn't need a second opinion to know that he likes Dream, however it does reassure him at the very least.

“George, you're not gonna like my suggestion.”

He's probably right but he needs to hear it anyways. “Just say it.”

“Tell him.” That is the most reasonable and realistic thing that Sapnap could have said but it still causes him to become uneasy. “You gotta tell him.” George turns his head to look at his desk, watching the RGB cycle of his keyboard, subconsciously bored of staring at the ceiling. “You already know he likes you – honestly I don't know how you didn't see it before – so what could go wrong?”

“I know I know, but I'm still nervous.” He knows Dream likes him, knows he would be more than happy to hear George say the same, but leave it up to his mind to find something that could possibly go wrong.

Sapnap shoves another chip into his mouth. “I mean, it's only natural that you would be nervous, but you have no reason to be.”

Sapnap's right, he has no reason to be nervous, but that doesn't mean he isn't. “I know.” At least he's gotten a step further. If anything, having another person to encourage him can help out a lot. All he needs is the extra confidence boost. “I'll try to tell him.”

“You'll be fine, don't stress it.” George smiles. How did he get such amazing friends? “However, I would suggest you tell him before new years.” The brunet finally picks up his phone to look at Sapnap's face properly. “That may or may not be related to the bet with Quackity.”

“I was just about to thank you for your help but I take it back,” George laughs, honestly thankful for Sapnap's ability to make light of slightly awkward situations.

By the time George hangs up it's well past noon, the sun still choosing to hide behind the clouds. He wanders downstairs and finds Dream to still be sound asleep, soft snores escaping his lips every now and then despite the relatively loud T.V. playing in the background. Dream has been spending more and more of his time out in the living room. George supposes he's finally feeling comfortable enough to relax where as before he was always a bit hesitant, either sticking by George's side or staying in his room.

Both cats lift their heads from where they lay curled up on the chair to look at George walk down the steps. As if they were starved or something, they both get up and walk to the kitchen where their food bowls are.

George furrows his eyebrows. “Dream already fed you guys this morning,” he mumbles and walks around the kitchen island to find them both waiting not-so-patiently by the cabinet. Patches meows quietly as if to respond and Ollie stares deep into George's soul. He decides to give them a little bit of food out of fear for his own life and kneels down to grab the bag from under the sink. He fills the scoop half way and divides the amount between the two cats who immediately dive in. “You guys are going to get fat one day.” It's not uncommon for them to get snacks here and there throughout the day; the extra food will probably catch up to them.

“George?” The boy in question stands back up, Dream already looking at him from over the back of the couch, hair one huge mess.

“Oh sorry, I didn't mean to wake you up.”

“It's alright,” the blond says, rubbing at his eyes. “Do you know when your mom was planning on taking us to the mall?”

George completely forgot about that. “I'm not sure, but probably soon,” he responds as he washes his hands. Dream nods. “Why?” The taller gets up and pulls out a bar stool from the kitchen island.

“Just wondering.” George gives him a pointed look and Dream quickly gives up. “Do you want anything for Christmas? I know the whole point was to grab something to eat and let your mom look around, but I was thinking I could buy you something if you wanted?” Dream isn't making eye contact, instead looking around the room and rubbing the back of his neck.

George thinks it's kind of cute.

“You don't have to buy me anything.”

“But I want to.”

Gift giving has never been George's strong point. “I know you do, but I'm not good at choosing good presents and stuff. I'll feel bad if you get me something but I don't.”

“You don't have to give me anything back, it's okay. I just want to get you something since you've helped me so much,” Dream explains, face reddening a shade or two.

“You don't owe me. If anything, you should pick out something for my mom,” George says, lowering his voice for the last sentence. His mom, last time he checked at least, was upstairs in her room reading. “She's the one who pays the bills.”

Dream's face lights up. “That's a good idea, but what should we get?”

George shrugs. “She would be happy with anything, really.” He thinks about it for a moment. “We can check the jewelry store. We just have to get away from her for a little bit when we're there.”

“Alright. But you're sure you don't want anything?”

“I'm positive,” George says, hoping the blond will actually listen and save him from the embarrassment of not having a gift in return.

Not too long after, George's mom informed them that she was going to get ready to leave and told them to hurry up and get dressed as well. As usual, the boys were the first people done while Ms. Davies took her time to get ready as if she were going to a party. Eventually though, they did make it to the car where Dream stole the passenger seat from George.

His mom ended up asking how their little trip to dinner was a week ago. George thought about mentioning Dream's stupid driving tactics but figured he would save him just this once. By the time they arrived, they ate a late lunch and followed Ms. Davies around like lost puppies. She was apparently having the time of her life looking at all the different clothing deals.

Both boys stayed a couple feet away from her, discussing about the right time to break away from her to go look around for a gift. She made it impossible to get away, constantly asking them if the clothes she picked out would look good on her or not and attempting to make them try on hideous shirts. They were about ready to disappear without telling her when an opportunity presented itself.

Apparently she recognized one of her friends from work and after it was made evident that she would be talking with her for a very, *very* long time they said that they were going to go look around the other shops. Ms. Davies waved them off and turned her attention back to her coworker.

“Finally,” George breathed to Dream once they exited the clothing store.

Dream laughs. “I didn't realize shopping with her was a full time job.”

They walk around the big mall aimlessly, unsure of exactly where the jewelry store is. They run



across a map of the entire building and after a couple wrong turns, manage to find the shop. George was worried that the prices were going to be unreasonably high when he looked at the fancy lighting and glass walls of the store. Unfortunately, his assumptions were correct.

“You brought money, right?” George asks.

Dream pats the wallet in the front pocket of his jeans. “Yup.” They look around a little bit, avoiding the big glass case near the register, knowing everything there would cost some astronomical amount. “What do you think she would like?”

“I’m not really sure,” George confesses.

“What do you normally get her?” George doesn’t respond. “What? You haven’t gotten your mom a present before?” It sounds like Dream was just guessing but when the brunet doesn’t say anything his face morphs into one of amusement.

“Okay listen,” George says, ready to defend himself. “I can’t drive and you just saw how difficult it is to get away from her, how was I supposed to buy something?”

Dream wheezes, one of the workers eyeing him oddly. “Oh my God, George! You could have bought something online.”

George hadn’t thought of that. “Shut up and help me pick something out.”

It must have been very obvious that the two were struggling to find what they were looking for because eventually one of the workers approaches them, offering his help. He shows them a couple of options but once Dream informs him of their price range, he walks to the complete opposite side of the store.

After much deliberation, they settle on a simple silver necklace with a small diamond hanging from the middle. Dream apparently thought it was unimpressive at first, despite the pretty expensive number for a seventeen year old to be paying for, but eventually George convinced him that his mother would be more than happy to receive it.

The cashier put the necklace in a nice navy box and bagged it up for them, seemingly confused on how Dream pulled so much cash out of his wallet. Even though it was one of the cheapest things in the store, it was by no means inexpensive.

Once they left the store, George made the taller take it out of the bag and hide it in his pocket so Ms. Davies wouldn’t see. Unsurprisingly, she was in the same store still talking to her friend, however she had made some progress and was in line to check out.

“There you are!” She says when she finally notices the two approaching. “Where did you run off to?”

“Just looked around,” Dream says in favor of hiding George’s terrible lying skills. “Didn’t find anything too interesting.” The blond stands behind George, chest brushing against his back every now and then.

Ms. Davies nods and her coworker speaks up. “George, you’ve gotten so tall!” George smiles politely, slightly confused because he’s never seen this woman in his entire life. “You’ve grown into a handsome young man,” she says and looks over to Dream. “Your mom never mentioned anything about a boy friend! Congratulations!”

George was about to shoot down the assumption but Dream does the talking for him. “Thank you,”

he says with a grin and puts a hand on George's shoulder. Ms. Davies laughs while her friend probably thinks he was serious. Although it was a joke, the brit could practically read Dream's mind and the underlying truth to his words.

When the two women move up a space in the line, George glares at Dream who gives him an all too knowing smile.

## Chapter End Notes

NEW MANHUNT WAS EPIC!!

idk what youtubers yall watch outside of the dreamsmmp BUT I really really enjoy bedwars youtubers and like six people THIS WEEK ALONE have been called out for being pedos/racists... IS IT THAT DIFFICULT TO BE A GOOD HUMAN BEING? I dont consider myself holy or smthn but like, guys please

AND ON THAT TOPIC I have a "job" if you can even call it that at a horse barn where I go and take care of the ponies and get paid. Its not very far away but I dont feel like walking 15 minutes each way to get there so I take golf cart AND LEMME TELL YOU I ZOOM DOWN THE STREETS BUT ANYWAYS today the old dude who is like 60 and lives across from us saw me driving it by myself and he goes (this is basically what he said, im paraphrasing) "oh wow look at you driving all by yourself! The people on the street must see the cool golf cart and then go 'wow look at how pretty she is!'" and continued to reiterate multiple times about how I make the fucking golf cart look so much better....

my man, I am 16 :sob: LIKE hes nice and everything and I feel bad feeling uncomfortable and shit but STOP PLEASE I just laughed it off. He said he wanted me to drive him sometime and show him where I work like HELL NO PLEASE but I ended up just saying yes so I could get rid of him LMAO my mom would never let that happen anyways.

ANYWAYS on a good note PURPLED MERCH !!! it came like two weeks ago but i cant remember if i said that or not but i cant be bothered to go check so PRETEND ITS NEWS IF I ALREADY SAID IT

ily and i am proud of you bbs <3

## Chapter 16

### Chapter Notes

IM SORRY i had to take break for a week i was incredibly busy but im back :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Winter break always seems to go by too fast. The first few days of break had been all fun and enjoyable, but George considers himself to be a pessimist. He quickly found himself counting down the days left until he would be sitting back in the uncomfortable plastic chairs and listening to the teachers talk about how great their winter vacation was.

He still has about a week left before then but the other days seemed to fly by without a thought even though he sat around the house all day. They say that time passes faster when you're having a fun and George supposes that's true, even if his definition of fun isn't going out and partying every night.

Christmas went by uneventfully. It's never been a huge thing for George and his mom and this year proved to be no different. Although, to Ms. Davies' credit, she did try to get the boys to make some sort of wish list.

Neither of them did, insisting that they didn't need anything and had everything they could ever need. George's mom ended up giving them basic gifts like chocolates and socks. Technically, she gave them both ugly Christmas sweaters that they were forced to put on the second they woke up, however George doesn't count that as a gift but more of a punishment. Especially when she took pictures of them.

Ms. Davies hadn't been expecting to get anything more than a shitty hand-made card from George so when Dream presented her with a small box that was wrapped poorly in decorative paper, she sat on the edge of her seat and took it with surprised eyes. The blond told her that it was from the both of them but George made sure she knew that only one of them paid for it.

It took no time for her to open, the second she tore a small piece of wrapping paper off, the rest slid down on its own. Out of all of the reactions George was expecting, he was not ready for her to cry. It was happy crying, of course. Hopefully.

They both gave her a hug and as she put the expensive jewelry around her neck, Dream gave a full fucking sermon about how grateful he was for her which only got her to shed even more tears. It was quite the site seeing her cry with a smile while wearing the most distasteful Christmas sweater in existence along with the fancy necklace.

Out of everybody there, Ollie and Patches ended up getting the most presents that day. George and his mom had always spoiled the gray cat with new toys and treats at any chance they got, wrapping them up neatly just for him to tear through it in a matter of seconds and enjoy whatever may have been inside.

This year they picked out twice as many toys and wrapped them all on Christmas morning (they may or may not have forgotten about them sitting in the back of the car) and watched as Ollie immediately dug in. Patches, although slightly confused at first, got the hang of it and managed to

open one while Ollie did the rest.

Most people get together with relatives to eat dinner or simply hang out, but George being in a completely different country than the rest of his family quickly eliminated that option. However, Dream had expressed that he wanted to visit his sister at some point. Ms. Davies told him that he could use the car and George assumed that he would be leaving by himself, but to his surprise the taller boy made him get dressed and come with him.

At least they got out of wearing the Christmas sweaters.

Even though it was a bit of a longer drive than either of them would have liked, conversation came easily and George is tempted to say he enjoyed it. They ended up meeting at a nearby park since Dream made it clear he didn't want to go anywhere near his parents. Drista was a little later than intended since she had to walk, however she took joy in scaring the shit out of both boys who were simply sitting down on one of the old wooden benches and watching the birds fight over a half slice of bread.

George hung back from the other two as they all walked around the park, only joining in on the conversation to help Drista bully her brother. He thinks it's nice to see them talk like this. Dream continuously mentioned over the past few months that he missed her and it was clear by his facial expression alone that he enjoyed seeing her again.

When it came time to leave, the siblings made a promise to talk again soon and Drista was one her way back home. The boys offered to drive her back but she didn't want to raise any suspicion with her parents.

And all too quickly they were back on the road again, headed home just before dinner. The long drive accounted for a good portion of the time they actually spent out of the house but it's not like they had anything else planned.

Well, apparently Ms. Davies did since she instructed them to help frost cookies the second they walked through the door. Her mistake really.

It started out peaceful until Dream fucked up George's by putting way too many sprinkles on top. When interrogated, the blond said he was just trying to "help" since apparently George being color blind means he doesn't have good artistic taste when decorating cookies. And from there on out no dessert was left unscathed, each one showing the aftermath through copious amounts of sprinkles or smeared frosting.

Both boys ended up with a scolding for making a mess of the kitchen and had a difficult time getting all the sprinkles out of their hair. In the end it was worth it though, they tasted pretty good.

The next week carried on in the same fashion of waking up late, George's mom making breakfast since she got the holidays off, and then spending the rest of the day lounging around. With each day Dream becomes more and more daring with his actions. Holding George in some sort of intimate way has become part of the routine.

Dream seems to have taken a liking to hugging George against his chest and at first the brunet would halfheartedly complain and grumble about how it made him too hot. When Dream said it was because he was flustered he stopped using that as a complaint.

Now George barely bats an eye, continuing to lay on his side and stare at his phone while a certain blond wraps tan arms around his waist, lips occasionally brushing over the nape of his neck and making him shiver. Warm breath fanning over the soft hairs there, big hands fidgeting with a shirt

that didn't belong to them or soothingly rubbing circles into exposed skin.

More often than not George stared blankly at his phone, never actually paying attention to any of the information in between the pixels, only tapping the screen every minute to keep it from turning off. Sometimes Dream would let his hands wander under his shirt, drape a soft palm over his stomach. That wasn't everyday though. Only when he was feeling brave.

George wishes he was brave more often.

He lets Dream trace shapes against his skin, lets him idly twist the white cotton of his shirt in between his fingers until the movements cease. Until his breath finds a regular pattern and he stills, sleep taking over. George always being the one to stay up later means he has plenty of time each night to revel in the feeling of the long arms around his waist that subconsciously grip tighter every now and then as if Dream is trying to make sure George hasn't run off yet. Hasn't pulled his arms off and put distance between them.

George doesn't think he ever will.

If Ms. Davies notices the absence of Dream in his own room more than half the nights, she doesn't mention it.

This routine would have carried on until the end of winter break if it wasn't for Dream reminding George of plans he made two weeks ago.

“Are we going to Sapnap's for new years?”

George groans at the thought. He just woke up, his eyes aren't even open yet, and the first words he hears this morning are about *Sapnap*. “I don't know,” George mumbles and rolls over to face his desk since he somehow managed to stare through closed eyelids right at the bright window. He now regrets making the plans to go. “What day is it today?”

“Friday,” Dream says from next to him, sitting up against the headboard and slightly more awake. “It's the 31st.”

George opens his eyes and winces before reaching out to the nightstand to find his phone, not happy to be met with an obnoxiously bright screen. “Fuck.” On said screen are multiple texts to a nameless group chat. “He said it was going to be a 'get together', why the hell is there a new group chat with well over five people.” The brit squints at the screen and looks through some of the texts, most of them from phone numbers he doesn't have in his contact list. “I thought it was just going to be our little group.”

He turns his head to look at Dream scrutinizingly. “What?” Dream stares back bemusedly. “You think I did this? I have about nine contacts saved on my phone.”

George looks back at his phone and scrolls through the texts, some mentioning names he's heard from around campus. “There are girls in here, this definitely wasn't Sapnap's doing.” Dream snorts at the passive insult. Finally he reaches the top of the text chain, his phone refusing to scroll any further, and he's met with the message that started it all.

### **daddy quackity**

if you are getting this message you are invited to a new years party at my friends house that he totally agreed to  
feel free to bring friends  
and food

it starts at 8 tonight  
9:23 am

Below is Sapnap's address with a screenshot taken from google maps and a shitty red circle drawn over his house.

"Of course it was Quackity." For some godforsaken reason Quackity has just about every phone number in the entire grade even though he doesn't talk to any of them. George has no idea how but now that he thinks about it, the boy probably paid for them.

"Are we going?" Dream looks down at his own phone, brows furrowed as he glances at all the unfamiliar numbers.

"I mean," George starts, attempting to think of some sort of excuse but finding none. "I already agreed a while ago." He sighs and flips his phone over, the idea of sinking back into the sheets for eternity is quickly becoming even more appealing. "We don't have to talk to anyone while we are there and we can always leave early," he grumbles against his pillow.

Dream hums. "Sounds good."

---

And it went exactly as expected.

Earlier, George tried to tell himself that not very many people would show up since it was such late notice. Unfortunately it was the opposite. Multiple people decided to heed Quackity's advice on bringing a friend or two with them.

Luckily it wasn't like the wild high school parties in movies. There was no blaring music, just loud laughter and talking all while the radio played in the background, almost too soft to be heard over all the guests. Someone did end up bringing alcohol, though only a few kids touched it. And the few kids who did became the entertainment for the night, their intoxicated senses proving to be quite the spectacle for everyone else.

Dream, George, Sapnap, and Karl spent most of their time out on the deck in the backyard, away from the large crowd. Quackity occasionally joined them before running back inside every time someone raised their voice in excitement. Apparently the boy has more connections than any of them thought.

"You better hope no one breaks anything in there," Dream says.

Sapnap tosses his head back against the scratchy cushion of the outdoor chair. "I don't even want to think about it." Apparently Sapnap agreed to throw a big party *jokingly* with Quackity a couple days prior since both his parents went away for new years. Quackity didn't take it as a joke and instead got to work collecting phone numbers. "As long as everyone is gone by one it shouldn't be too bad."

"We'll help clean up," Dream offers.

George scowls at him from his place next to the taller on the couch. "I never agreed to that." Dream doesn't say anything, instead he takes a sip from his soda and leans a little closer to George. He can't find it in himself to complain. The blond is like a personal heater which is definitely appreciated since midnight is quickly approaching.

"Doesn't matter, you owe me one anyways," Sapnap states.

“Owe you? For what?”

Sapnap gives him a mischievous smile and nods toward Dream who is currently infatuated with his phone. “Everything.” Karl's facial expression morphs into one of amusement meaning Sapnap has filled him in on everything.

George crosses his arms over his chest defensively. “Fine.” A quick glance downward at Dream's phone tells him that the new year is about fifteen minutes away. His stomach twists at the realization. He made the last minute decision this morning to tell Dream how he feels right before midnight, thanks to a lot of encouragement from Sapnap.

The plan is simple.

In about ten minutes, Karl and Sapnap will both go inside to “get another drink” and will attempt to keep everyone else from going out. Then, at 11:59, George will tell the blond that he likes him, and then fireworks from the neighboring houses will ensue like something out of a sappy love story.

Simple.

George has been trying to hype himself up for the past hour and a half while simultaneously trying not to think about it in a last ditch effort to keep his nerves under control. He and Dream sit in silence for the most part, listening in on the conversation their two other friends are having and picking up his phone every minute to check the time.

At some point Dream throws an arm over the brunet's shoulder under the excuse of being cold which only makes his heart race even faster. Sapnap notices and tries to conceal a chuckle by finishing off his drink.

The raven-haired boy places the empty soda can on the glass coffee table. “I'm gonna head inside and grab another drink, do you want anything?” He looks George in the eyes as if he's trying to give him his last pep talk before leaving him stranded to deal with everything on his own.

“Nah, I'm good,” Dream says and George hums in agreement.

“I'll go with you,” Karl says and stands up from his chair. “I want to grab my jacket.” They both get up and walk across the deck, the wood groaning quietly beneath their shoes. Once they get inside, Sapnap shuts the glass sliding door and gives George a little thumbs up from inside the house. George smiles gratefully.

“I'm surprised there isn't anyone else out here,” Dream says, glancing around. Honestly, George is too. Most of them have chosen to stay inside and a few hang out in the front yard.

“They're all too busy watching those kids get drunk,” he laughs.

“It is quite the show,” Dream says, “I'll give them that.”

George thinks about how silence with Dream used to be awkward. It used to make him nervous, but right now he is nervous for an entirely different reason. The past few months have really changed both their lives and George can finally say that it's for the better.

“They're gonna miss the fireworks,” Dream says, referring to Karl and Sapnap.

That's the least of George's worries.

The people inside the house begin to count down from twenty, getting louder and louder with each

number. *How the fuck are they already to ten?* George glances back to the window, Sapnap and Karl are waving their arms around wildly as if the brit could understand exactly what they were saying.

George takes a deep breath.

“Dream?”

The blond turns his attention from the empty sky to the boy next to him. George doesn't think he will ever get enough of the way light colored eyes flicker across his face to try and gather any sort of information or clue. Dream raises his eyebrows and waits for him to say something and George realizes he's just been staring.

*Three.*

“Oh, sorry.”

*Two.*

“I was just gonna say.”

*One.*

“That I-”

And holy shit George was already on edge but the fireworks from a couple houses over going off did not help. They both jump and turn to look at the now color filled sky. Whoever set off the first firework must have given everyone else the courage to do the same because suddenly there's more than you could count.

Dream taps him on the thy and George snaps his attention back to him. It's loud, really loud, but George knows the blond asked him what he was going to say.

“I like you,” George repeats. He spoke normally but the explosions above make it sound like a whisper. Dream's eyes widen and he stares down at George as if he just misheard him.

“What?” George can see Dream's Adam's apple bob, can see the gears working in his head as he tries to make sense of what he just heard. To make sure it wasn't some sort of dream, a figment of his imagination.

He knows Dream likes him and that he doesn't have anything to worry about but his reaction makes his stomach flip.

“I said I like you.”

“Again.” Dream receives a perplexed look. “Say it again.”

George isn't cold anymore, he's burning alive. “I like you, Dream.” The blond's face changes into one of relief with a growing smile. “I have for a while,” George admits, glancing down at his lap, heart beating louder than the fireworks. “I could have told you a lot sooner if I just let myself realize it.”

“Can I kiss you?”

Out of all the reactions he was ready for, that wasn't one of them. It's not unwelcomed, though. “What?”



Dream rolls his eyes and leans in anyways, knowing at this point George is too embarrassed to confirm his wants. It's a quick touch of chapped lips and when Dream pulls back the brunet grabs him by the shirt to repeat the action. George can feel the other's slight smile against his mouth at the movement and can't help but form one of his own. The touch, although minimal, has got to be one of the most addicting feelings. He could get used to this.

When George leans back he thinks that Dream might go and grab him again, the newfound fire in his eyes tells the brunet it wouldn't just be a swift press of the lips this time, however the sliding door whizzes open and both pairs of eyes leave each other to look at the interruption.

“Let's fucking go!” Quackity pumps a fist in the air and walks out onto the deck while Sapnap pinches the bridge of his nose with a groan. “Congratulations!” George knows him too well to think that he's actually *that* happy about his little confession. When Sapnap fishes out some money from his pocket and slaps it in Quackity's palm, he remembers.

“You don't actually care, do you?” George stares as the boy fans out the dollar bills in his hand and can't help but laugh. Dream makes a confused noise.

“Of course I do,” Quackity dejects and puts the money away in the safety of his pocket. “But this,” he says and points to the two sitting on the small couch, “means nothing. You were practically dating anyways, you just finally said it out loud.”

That brings up a good point. “What does this mean?” George looks back over to Dream, hoping he has some sort of answer.

He doesn't. “I don't know, what do you want it to mean?” Although still confused at the whole money thing, the blond has a big grin on his face. “Are we boyfriends now?”

George laughs at the strange conversation that he never thought he would find himself in. “If that's what you want too, then yes.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

George can see the happiness in his eyes and hopes that Dream can see it in his too.

## Chapter End Notes

WOOOO ONLY ONE MORE CHAPTER HOW ARE WE FEELIN????

so i mentioned a couple chapters back that i had to get my blood drawn.... WELL I DID ON TUESDAY AND OH GOD so first i had to get shots and i felt bad for the nurse but i kid you not i was crying not like loudly but i was sniffing and my mask was all wet from the tears the poor nurse was like wtf and then i thought i was done but APPARENTLY THEY WERE LIKE "hey dont you need your blood drawn?" and i was like NO but my mom said yes (what a fucking traitor-i forgave her tho she got me mcdonalds) so we had to go wait for that and THEN THAT NEEDLE HURT MORE THAN THE OTHER ONE SO I CRIED FOR A SECOND TIME

although shout out to that second nurse oh my god she was so sweet like literally loved

her BUT IM ALL GOOD NOW. the only thing i gotta deal with is taking this fucking bandaid off istg this shit is like super glue or something MY GOD its halfway off but i aint touchin it it HURTS

some people rlly set on the idea that george will be in florida on the 24th like listen here, if he is, WHICH HE WONT BE, i will deadass clean my entire room. hence it will never happen

thats about it next chapter (and final chapter) will be pretty short in comparison to all the other ones. I love you all and see you soon! <3

# Chapter 17

## Chapter Notes

short and simple

yes i could have uploaded this like last week but based on my research  
wednesday/thursday is best time to upload so yeah. in conclusion im greedy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

## Three Years Later

“It was here.”

George glances down to where Dream's pointing, not convinced.

“No, it couldn't have been.” He takes a few steps backwards. “I had to have been able to see you from the sidewalk.” He looks over his shoulder at the chain link fence, then back to the rusted metal tracks.

“George, I think I would remember where I jumped off of a fucking train.” The brunet smacks him on the shoulder.

The ugly sight before him of old metal, rotting wood, and loose bolts brings George some form of nostalgia. It's really ugly. He kicks at the gravel, the small rocks covered in soot tumble about. “I can't believe this,” he mumbles.

From beside him, Dream tilts his head and hums questioningly.

“If anyone ever asks how we met I have to explain how I found you half dead along the train tracks.”

The blond laughs and throws an arm over George's shoulder. “What's wrong? Pretty romantic if you ask me.” George continues to look left and right every so often. It isn't exactly in his plans to get run over by a train today. “You were like my knight in shining armor.”

George cringes at the cheesy line. “Oh God, please don't say that.” Dream laughs even harder.

They're both in their first year of college now, opting to stay in the area and take online courses, only occasionally visiting the small local campus for exams and important events. To be honest neither of them wanted to go to school but Ms. Davies insisted that they have some sort of education in order to get a decent job. They both knew she was right but they didn't go down without a fight.

In the end they compromised and agreed that they could take the year off after high school as long as they did *something* with their time other than sit at home. The year was spent expanding their coding skills and then using them for freelance work which apparently people pay good money for. This discovery encouraged the both of them to go for some sort of computer sciences degree which has been going pretty well so far.

After much convincing, George got his driver's license and between the two of them they were able to afford a car. Though they still live with Ms. Davies, they try to pay her back the best they can, especially Dream. Eventually they will get their own apartment, but until then George's mom is stuck with them.

Which leads to a whole new point. And awkward conversation.

Not too long after the new years party in high school, George and Dream agreed that they should tell his mom about their new relationship. Though it never happened... at least not in the way they had planned.

In hind sight, it was a stupid idea, falling asleep together with the door to George's room wide open when they hadn't told her yet. It wasn't like they were doing anything obscene, but people who are "just friends" don't necessarily hold each other under the covers. Neither of them are sure as to how it hadn't happened sooner – Dream was never exactly secretive with his physical forms of affection.

After congratulating them, she made the both of them sit down at the table and went over a whole list of rules for when she was home and what they could and couldn't do while she was gone. Needless to say it wasn't the most comfortable conversation and it left both of them in a bright shade of red.

Regardless, life has been good.

George remembers his first year of living in America. At the time he didn't care about the fact that he was home alone for most of the week, didn't care that the only sounds in the house were made by him, and the only 'person' to listen to him most of the time was Ollie.

He can't imagine going back to that. Not after he's experienced sitting in his room and hearing soft footsteps walk up the steps, listened to the shower run every night, used to having breakfast waiting for him downstairs with a handsome blond to accompany him. Having someone to share his space with and wake up with (sometimes way too early if you were to ask him) in the mornings.

All these things would annoy him if it were anyone else.

The cool breeze passes them as the day finally comes to an end. George can see the colors from the sun bleed into the sky, giving it life. It would be worthy of a painting if it weren't for the unsightly tan, and rough brick wall in front. It's ugly.

The gravel crunches next to him and he finds Dream pointing toward the chain link fence that has remained broken over the years, the trespassing sign pointedly ignored. "We should get going." George nods and follows after.

Blond hair all but glows in the sunlight as he steps over withered wood and aged metal. Long legs effortlessly crunch through the gritty rocks and around litter that's been left to mold. Tan arms pry back the corroded fence, holding it open for the other. Dream turns to face him, waiting patiently for him to catch up. His eyes shine in the sunlight, so obviously full of fondness and affection as he looks at the brunet.

George decides it's beautiful.

hey guys :)

im about to ramble but at this point you all are used to it!

so wow. that's it. that's the end. I am so so happy with how this series turned out! when i first started writing it was about 5 chapters ahead but after like chapter 7 i had to write as i went, meaning i really had no idea where this story was going, but i think it ended nicely. let me brag about myself for a second and say that i am so proud of myself for doing this! these days i dont have motivation to do anything rlly, its been super hard for me but i do enjoy writing (when i can get myself to do it) and your guys' support really encouraged me! you are all so sweet and such nice people and were with me all along the way.

this series took me 86 hours to write + edit LMAO im a slower reader and even slower writer SHHH and it ended at 50k words and 17 chapters which is super funny to me. my other fic ended at 50k and 17 chapters as well but at the start of this one i was like "it will be shorter than the other" NOPE HAHHADCGJD

as im uploading this we have 717 kudos which is.. wow!! thank you so much! i didn't expect for it to get this big but im definitely not complaining.

im gonna miss responding to all your comments and being able to rant about everything in my life! as of right now I cant see myself uploading another ongoing story like this, but maybe some oneshots?? who knows! I'll be sure to fill you in on all my life updates if i do :D

alrighty! one last i love you for you guys! i am very proud of you, you're doing your best and maybe others cant see that but I can. take care of yourselves, you are loved <3

thank you!

## Bonus Chapter

### Chapter Notes

pointless chapter but i rlly wanted to write

ALSO do you know how difficult it was to write “man” instead of “boy” like I have this entire series?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Oh wow.” The words echo off of mostly empty walls, making them much louder than they were initially spoken. “It isn't complete shit.”

George scoffs at the remark. “Of course it isn't.” He glances around the room once, eyes landing back on Quackity. “What were you expecting?”

He shrugs. “I mean, when when you said you were going to get an apartment I imagined some run down shack in the center of the city.” He walks to the other side of the barren living room, peeking out of the window. “Not some fancy place near the beach.” Unfortunately the view isn't the best, they are still a street over from the waterfront, however they do get a nice look of the sunset in between the neighboring apartment complex. Quackity looks out the window for a little while longer before turning back to George. “Where's Dream?”

The brunet points over his shoulder to the hallway. “I made him jump in the shower. He should be almost done by now.”

“Why? You're just going to put him back to work anyways,” Quackity snickers, throwing a hand towards the unsorted boxes in the corner of the living room.

George shakes his head. “The second Sapnap and Karl get here everyone is helping unpack.” The raven groans.

“Quackity.” The both of them turn to watch as Dream emerges from the hallway. “Thank God.” He uses the towel in his right hand to dry off his hair. George isn't sure it did what it was supposed to do, his hair still drips an occasional drop onto his black shirt, however it did effectively mess up his hair in the way that leaves brown eyes lingering for a little too long. “George made me do like, everything.”

The brit scowls. “What do you mean everything? The only thing we have set up are two chairs.” Calling them chairs was probably an overstatement. They're the fold-able fabric type you see at beaches and parks all the time. Even then, those were a pain to try and get out of their flimsy bags.

“You got tired after carrying three boxes up from the car and made me do all the rest.”

“I told you they were heavy!”

Before Dream could state his rebuttal, the apartment door clicks open and both Sapnap and Karl make their way inside.

“Holy shit,” Sapnap says, turning to close the door behind him. “I was going to knock to make sure

we had the right place but thanks to your little married couple argument you were having we found the door just fine.”

It's the first time that they have all been in together in person in a while. Between each of them going to college and finding jobs, they haven't had much time to get together. Any downtime they had either didn't match up with everyone's schedule or they were too tired by the end of the week to want to socialize. Despite this, they kept in close contact, whether it be making time to play video games or to send a hundred too many messages to their group chat, they still talked.

“I'm glad you could make it,” George says sarcastically even though he really is happy to see them. And happy to have an extra set of hands.

“I heard you're putting us to work,” Karl says. “I also heard that we get free food when it's all said and done.”

Dream nods. “Yes, whatever you guys decide on we'll pay for.” Quackity whisper-yells a “yes” to himself at the promise of food. “We should set up the bigger things first and then we can open the boxes.”

They decided it was best to split up in order to finish everything within a reasonable amount of time. A few hours later and joined by sore backs and tired limbs, they had managed to put together the various desks, chairs, small tables, as well as the bed frame which was marketed as “easy to construct” while in reality it took three of them to just get it out of the box.

By the end of the day, most big projects were completed. George and Dream could handle buying the last few things like a T.V., mattress, and sofa... hopefully. That was for a new day, though. By the time the sun left its confines and bled the colors of fire throughout the sky, all five friends agreed to call it a day.

George suspects that they all just wanted their free meal sooner but he has had enough of ripping open cardboard boxes and following barely readable instruction manuals so he can't find it in himself to complain.

He isn't sure what he was expecting when he allowed them to pick where they wanted to eat, but he should have known that they were going to take full advantage of free food. Several arguments and thirty minutes later, they end up at a small steakhouse that they are probably a little under dressed for but no one seems to care.

Although George said that they, meaning George *and* Dream, would pay for it, both boyfriends know that only one of them will end up handing their credit card over to the waitress dressed in black that night and it sure as hell isn't going to be the brunet.

George catches the way green eyes widen upon opening the menu to see all the food items and their designated prices. He almost feels bad but the fact that they both get decent pay checks from work stops him from sympathizing too much.

Later on Sapnap made a valiant attempt at ordering liquor, and to be fair he would have gotten away with it if it weren't for everyone else at the table smiling which eventually led to the waitress asking for confirmation of his age.

“Why did you give me away like that,” he laughs as he cuts into his steak. “She totally would have believed me if it weren't for you guys grinning like a bunch of idiots.”

George shrugs. “In a couple of months you won't have to lie.”

“True.” Dark eyes seem to get lost in thought. “Wow. It feels we were just in high school not too long ago.”

George hums as he thinks about it. Time really flies. He can't tell if he's simply surprised or if he's sad, but it really makes him think about all the memories he made along the way.

“Yeah,” Quackity says and the second George sees the smile on his face he knows what's coming next. “It wasn't too long ago that George was ignoring me and-”

“Quackity!” The brit points his steak knife at the man across the table. “For the last time, I did not ignore you.”

“You kind of did, George,” Karl says, amused.

George shakes his head. “Don't take his side.” He goes back to cutting his steak, now with a little more vigor as Quackity drawls on about how “mean” and “rude” he was.

They say their goodbye's at the end of the night with promises of meeting up together soon. George and Dream head back home in comfortable silence. Not to the apartment, but to Ms. Davies'. They said that they would stay at the new apartment the first day they moved in but George's mom knew better. It has now been three days since they “moved in” and they are just now putting things together.

To no one's surprise, they are both greeted by Ollie and Patches at the front door. “Hello babies,” Dream coos as he reaches down to pet the cats. Eventually they will join them at the new apartment, but that isn't until everything is set up properly. “George?” The man in question turns his head to show that he's listening as he slips his shoes off. “Was I ever a bother to have around all the time?”

George knows it's something the other has always been wary of. Through the constant thank yous and trying to help as much as he could over the years, it's been made clear that Dream still thinks he's somewhat of a pain to have around. Although, he's never heard the blond verbally express it.

“No,” George answers quickly. “Even when I first met you, I might have complained a lot, but you were never bothersome. I just don't think I was used to you back then.”

“And what about now?” George narrows his eyes. Dream continues to focus on the cats, probably because he knows it was a stupid question.

“Dream, right now I am happier than I have ever been and that's all thanks to you practically showing up on my doorstep every week back when we were in high school.” Dream laughs. “If I really thought you were a bother you wouldn't be here right now.”

The taller looks up, seemingly not as worried anymore. “Is that a threat?”

George smiles. “Yeah, so you better watch it,” he says with mock danger in his voice. Dream stands and follows him up the stairs, stopping to look at some of the pictures in the hallway. George's mom has added quite a few over the years, the taller man making an appearance in many of them. The ugly sweater photo hanging on the wall outside Dream's room is Ms. Davies' favorite.

“Will you miss it here when we move?”

George thinks about it for a moment. “Yeah. Not so much the house, just the memories attached with it.” He hadn't taken the time to think about what it really meant for them to be moving out. “Good thing is we live close enough so we can visit whenever we want. I know my mom won't



care.” He smiles, remembering the conversation where she made them promise to come see her at least once a month. “What about you?”

Dream shakes his head. “I won't.” Freckled cheeks raise to accommodate a beautiful smile that makes George's heart skip a beat. “I'm happy as long as I'm with you.” It was a cheesy line and the taller man knows it, but it doesn't take away the truth from his words. “I'll follow you where ever you go.”

## Chapter End Notes

HI HEHEH I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF I LOVE THIS AU TOO MUCH I HOPE YOU LIKED IT!! my depression has been getting the best of me lately and I feel like shit so I wanted to write something since it makes me happy :] I hope it helped yall too! <3

ANYWAYS HOW ARE YOU ALL DOING JESUS IT'S BEEN LIKE THREE WEEKS??? DAMN

“we are doing lovely and we are taking care of ourselves and making sure we stay hydrated and get sleep! how are you ackeshi?” IM GOODTY FOR ASKING I got back from vacation a week ago and for those wondering I cried on the plane out but on the way back it was better AND I LIVED SO YAY I still hate planes but oh well

uhhhhh honestly that's about it? I start school in two days so uhhhh :sob: BUT my dog had his last treatment from the vet today and he is cancer free as of rn so literally crying tears of joy as we speak! that dog makes me so fucking happy it's unbelievable I feel so ecstatic rn I literally CANT

on a terrible, horrible, disgusting note my mom won't let me eat the microwave popcorn anymore since apparently there is too much saturated fat in it like bro I looked forward to eating that shit every few days ITS LIKE THE HIGHLIGHT OF MY NIGHT SO FUCK ME I GUESS

idk if ill write another but keep an ear out ig LMFAO BYEEEE (for the last time?? idk??) <3

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